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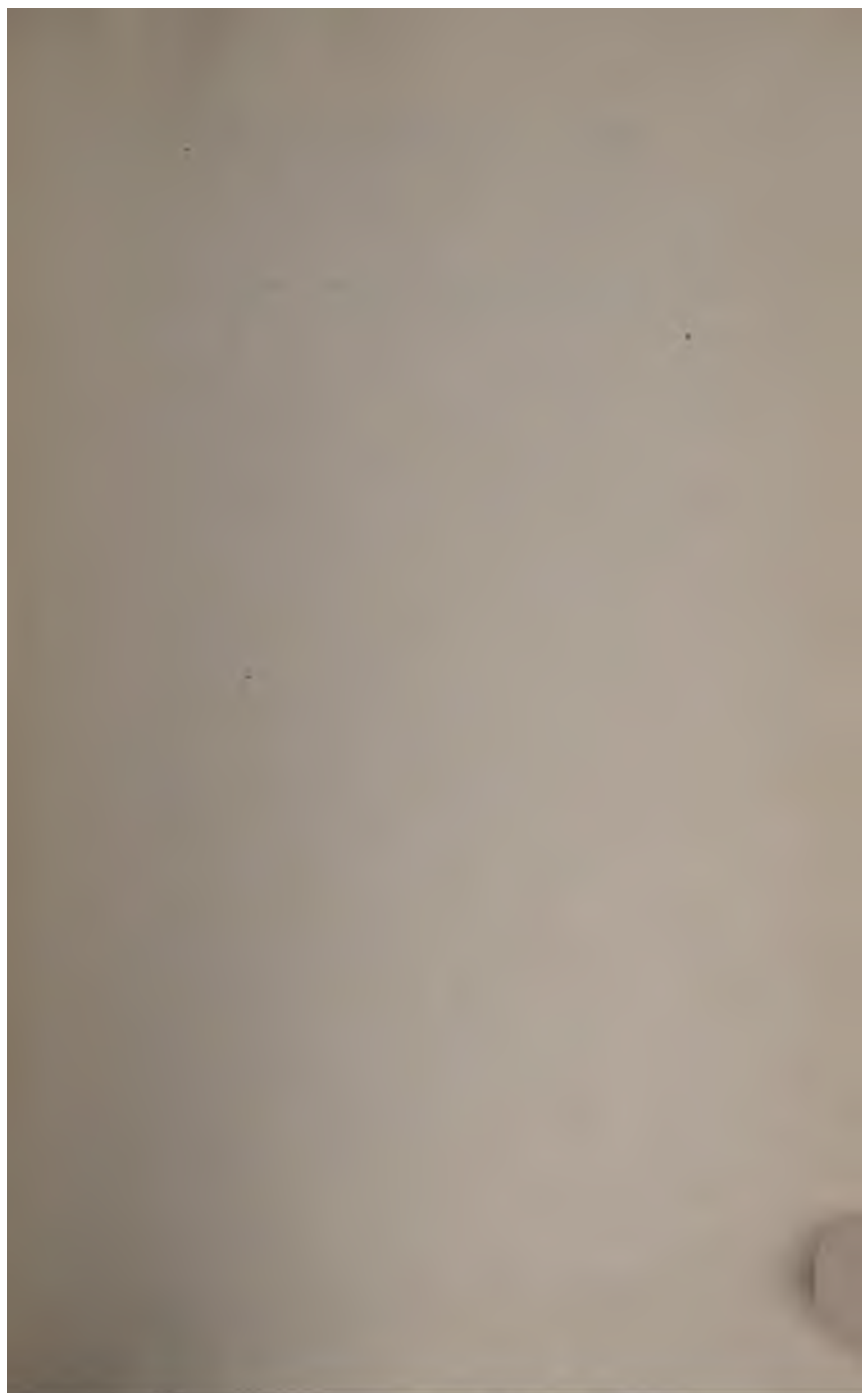
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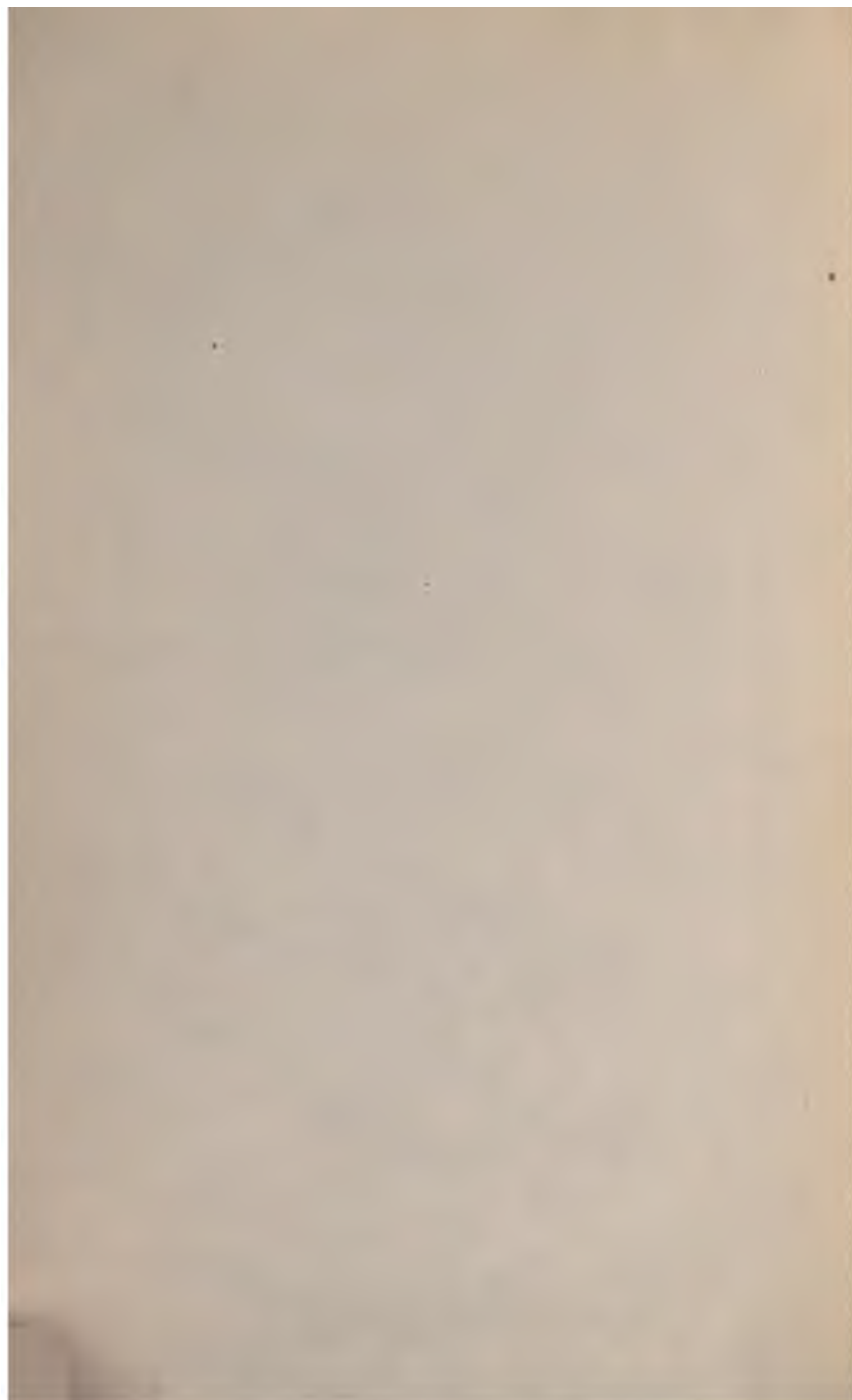


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EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY

H. G. Ireland



“The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirths and tears.”

WORDSWORTH

EVERY ONE
HIS OWN
WAY
BY
EDITH WYATT



NEW YORK
McCLURE PHILLIPS
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To M. L. W.

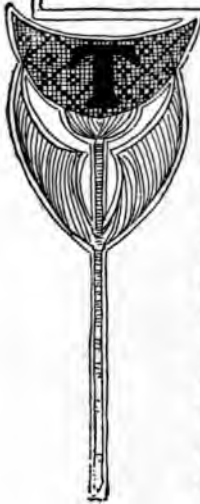
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HERE was once a rich and popular German alderman, a saloon-keeper, who lived in a double red-brick house in Chicago.

For his business, he sold beer and distributed jobs in return for political influence. He appropriated a suitable percentage on these jobs, and he conducted their sale on the just and straightforward principles of a commission merchant. For his pleasure, he had around his house a

large yard; and in summer this yard was filled with little flower-beds shining with petunias, portulacas, and zinnias. In their centre was a sputtering little fountain, and near the fountain were two artificial deer and a small

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summer-house. In front of the summer-house was the saloon-keeper's name, "*J. Hoffman*," done in geraniums and foliage-plants.

On Sundays Mr. Hoffman used to sit in his summer-house doorway, completely filling it, for he was a leviathan of a man, smoking a meerschaum pipe, and wearing a gay red velvet smoking-jacket and cap, deeply bordered with bright silk flowers, beautifully embroidered by his daughter.

His daughter's music-teacher, a thin, dark, little German, sat at one side of the summer-house, smoking a long pipe; and his many fat little boys played and showed off noisily around the yard.

They used to feel very proud when they noticed the attention their surroundings attracted from the passers-by, and they were especially proud that the observant could see plainly in the foliage-plants at their father's feet his name, as he sat grandly in the midst of his artistic fancies. Often they could be heard reading the name aloud, and this filled the little boys with a peculiar ecstasy.

Besides his garden, his deer, his fountain, and his little boys, J. Hoffman had an industrious and amiable German wife and a beautiful German daughter.

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Lulu Hoffman was, indeed, a child to delight the heart of any parent. Although she was only sixteen years old, she wore long dresses, and her hair coiled in beautiful thick yellow braids at the back of her head. She had large, gay, blue eyes, fresh pink cheeks, and dimples. To these gifts of nature she had added the most happy attainments of art: for she sang and played upon the piano, both by ear and by note. By note she played "*Songs without Words*," and compositions like "*Silvery Thistle*" and "*Rippling Waves*." For her teacher encouraged in her a taste for crystal runs and tinkling-bell effects. By ear, she played compositions like the "*Douglas Two-Step*," so rhythmically that, as soon as she began, all her little brothers went tooting and prancing about the room. Besides this, she could bake coffee-cake, crisp, brown, and shining outside, and feathery as a marshmallow inside; and little frosted German spice-cakes, rich and heavy, filled with citron and walnuts and raisins, and flavored with wine.

In the same city with J. Hoffman, there lived an American, in very moderate circumstances.

His business was writing, in a conventional and academic style, critical reviews, express-

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ing conventional and academic ideas. In these reviews he divided all authors into classes, schools, and periods. When he found an author who had no period, and who could not be put into a class or a school, he did not write about him, unless he became, even in academic circles, a great favorite. In that case he mentioned that the author was delightful. As he could not, for obvious reasons, think of himself as famous or great, he thought of himself as delightful. And for consistency with this opinion he used to disguise his most conventional and approved ideas under an assumption of amiable stanchness and independence. "Dear old Homer," he exclaimed in a determinedly light essay called "*A Loaf of Bread, A Jug of Wine*," "even in this degenerate day and age there are some of us who love your very nods."

His pleasure was less definite and material than J. Hoffman's. It consisted really in being refined. It may as well be admitted that he was far more refined than J. Hoffman. However, the pleasure he derived from what was refined was not so intense as the pain he suffered from what was not refined. And as there are such numbers of large and coarse things in the

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world, this susceptibility gave him a wide scope for suffering.

Richard Elliot, such was the name of this young man, took a walk one Sunday afternoon with a congenial friend, also a refined man; and on this walk they passed the house of J. Hoffman.

J. Hoffman and the Professor were smoking their pipes at the summer-house; the flowers were all blooming and shining; the little boys were playing noisily on the grass; and through the window the notes of the "*Douglas Two-Step*" were sounding clearly and cheerfully.

Richard Elliot felt sickened when he observed all this. "The life of the middle-class American is sometimes painfully hideous, is it not?" he said to his friend.

"Yes," replied the friend, "that kind of thing is pretty bad."

"However," continued Richard Elliot, "most middle-class Americans are foreigners." This was his idea of being delightful. "We are ruled and governed by that kind of person," he pursued. "They hold all our city offices."

"It gives the other kinds of men time for other kinds of things," answered the friend. That is what they said. What they thought

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was that it was a pity such men as themselves should not be the rulers and governors, instead of such men as J. Hoffman.

Richard Elliot would have been still more displeased with the middle-class American, if he could have known that, at the instant of his passing the object of his witty remarks, his own younger brother was sitting in the Hoffmans' parlor, listening happily to the "*Douglas Two-Step*."

This younger brother had not had as many advantages as Richard, so that he had a much more limited scope for suffering, and the atmosphere so noxious to his brother was pleasing, and even exhilarating, to himself.

He had met Lulu at a Sunday-school picnic, which he had attended in performing the duties of his office as newspaper reporter; and which Lulu had attended in performing her duties as a caretaker of her little brothers.

He had been attracted to her at first by her large, kind, blue eyes and yellow braids, and by her warm devotion to her excited little brothers. He spent the greater part of the afternoon in talking with her, so that his newspaper article, headed, "Lutheran Tots Frolic in Garfield Park," had to be such as might not be unsuitable for any Sunday-school picnic.

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Soon after this occasion he went to see her, on the pretext of returning an umbrella he had found leaning against a tree in the park—one which, as it was his own, could not possibly be hers.

On this visit he walked around the little gravel-paths among the flower-beds, with Mr. Hoffman and the Professor, and he showed a just appreciation of the fountain and the deer. "This is evidently your own idea, Mr. Hoffman," he would say. "Something quite out of the common." In making these remarks he expressed less his own thoughts than what he divined to be his host's feelings.

In the house he interested himself deeply in the Professor's rendering and explanation of "*The Storm in the Alps*," a very intricate musical composition in which the flashes of lightning were expressed, musically, by shrieking chromatic scales, and the clattering hoofs of the alarmed chamois by a rapid staccato polka. An Alpine horn sounding *reveillé* was occasionally recognizable among the crashes of thunder in the bass notes; and the mournful song of a young Swiss peasant girl, in the highest treble, and with a great deal of soft pedal, was effectively introduced immediately after the thunder.

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Otto and Maxie, the oldest of the little boys, during this performance stood pressed so closely against the piano that they obstructed the Professor's rapid execution as his flying hands separated farther and farther in the combined thunder and lightning; and they were obliged to leave their places and content themselves with making their ears ring by placing them against the sides of the piano.

Tom showed his appreciation of all these things so delicately that Mr. Hoffman urged him to come again and smoke with him in, or, rather, outside of, his summer-house; and in this way Tom fell rapidly into the way of making weekly visits at the Hoffmans'.

He liked to walk about among the flower-beds and the little boys with the Professor and the enormous, richly embroidered Mr. Hoffman; and he liked to go into the Hoffmans' large, vividly clean parlor, shining with a red carpet and bright blue wall-paper, and filled with little glittering ornaments like Christmas-tree decorations, and there drink thick, rich chocolate, and eat little frosted German cakes, while he listened to the Professor playing or to Lulu singing German songs.

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But what he liked most was the Hoffmans' easy and affectionate goodness. He had seen a great many households where goodness was made a point, but it had been more obtrusive and awkward; often it was blunted into an insulting benevolence. The Hoffmans' goodness was unassertive, unpuritanic, and simple, like the natural and unsought goodness of the Golden Age.

As for Lulu, he had known almost from the first that he was in love with her. She treated him always with a bashful respect, as if he were years older than herself; and this might have hurt him, if she had not blushed whenever she found him looking at her, and whenever she blushed he felt hallowed. In her presence the young man's every nagging discomfort and worry vanished. When he was with her, he experienced a complete happiness; and he felt a deeper reverence for her than for anything else he had ever known. Her spirit was as fresh and beautiful as the azure depths of the sky. She lived to be happy and to give happiness, to delight the hearts of the people she loved. She was as incapable of giving pain as the sun would be of radiating coldness instead of warmth. When Tom Elliot offered to take his brother

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with him to see Lulu Hoffman, it was not because he expected such a visit to be a social success, but because he would have liked to make everyone bow down before her, and his brother seemed to him the least likely to bow.

Richard, however, was unexpectedly willing to call on the Hoffmans. He did not know that theirs was the house he had passed on Sunday, and the truth was that he saw plainly enough that his brother was in love, and he hoped to cast some cold water on an enthusiasm, presumably unworthy, by the effect of his own and the Hoffmans' contrasting presences.

There certainly was a great contrast between his own and the Hoffmans' manners. Mr. Hoffman showed him the garden, walking grandly and hospitably before him, and puffing his long pipe majestically; and Richard walked behind Mr. Hoffman, and talked with him much as one might walk and talk with a leper. His desire to get away was so keen that it must have pierced any vanity more superficial or more grudging than Mr. Hoffman's.

Inside the house Mrs. Hoffman, the Professor, Lulu, Otto, Maxie, and the rest all ap-

TWO CITIZENS

peared to him as other lepers. He sat on his chair in a tentative way, and answered the Hoffmans' simple and genial remarks with "Indeed" and "Ah, I see," in a cautiously uncompromising manner and with studied inattention.

The Hoffmans thought he was quiet and shy. To understand that he wished to snub them on account of his superior social advantages would have been as impossible to them as it would have been to kittens or to angels. This was the balm with which Tom quieted his spirit at those moments of the call when he most wished to throttle his brother. He went back to the Hoffmans' on the very same evening, and took Lulu for a long drive. This was rather surprising to Mr. Hoffman. It has been hinted that he was not embarrassed by modesty; and he had always received Tom rather as a visitor of his own than as a friend of Lulu's. He had supposed that Tom had some vaguely official connection with the Lutheran Sunday-school, and he had regarded his presence in the house much as he regarded the Professor's. He was slightly puzzled now, as he might have been if Tom had come with a horse and carriage to take Otto or Maxie out driving.

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Indeed, he could not have been more surprised if Tom had asked for the hand of Maxie than when he came to the city hall and asked if he might marry his daughter. She had admitted, Tom told him, that she loved him; and though he, Tom, was not worthy to unlatch her shoestrings, he believed he could make her happy. He loved her as much as it was possible for one person to love another.

After Mr. Hoffman had recovered from his first shock of surprise, he took Tom to his large bosom and kissed him. He smiled paternally on Tom's hilarity at this last demonstration, and they parted on congenial terms at the office door.

Richard Elliot was even more startled at his brother's engagement than Mr. Hoffman had been; it had been so opposite an effect from that he had intended his visit to have.

However, as after some years his cautious articles fell out of fashion with publishers, he recovered sufficiently from this shock to live with Tom and his wife.

His test of life was still that of refinement; and this was very fortunate for him, as by this test he was the most admirable person in the house, for he was unquestionably the

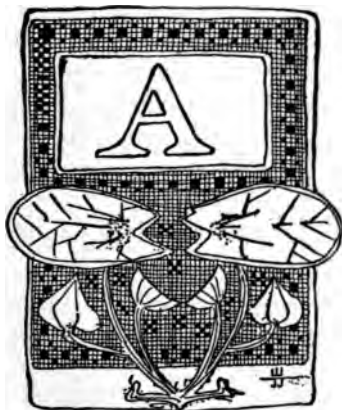
TWO CITIZENS

most refined. By this test, too, he could find that the daughter of a square-dealing and innocent boodler had received a great favor in being married by the brother of a crooked-dealing and sophisticated literary critic.

However, as has been said, he was willing to be supported by the Elliots. He even wrote for their children some juvenile versions of the Greek myths, which were much enjoyed by many ladies. The children, though, used to slide on their chairs and wriggle when the myths were read aloud to them; and they much preferred the amusement of being chased and poked by their young uncles, Otto and Maxie.

LIMITATIONS

LIMITATIONS



VERY limited young man, Mr. Peetic Geiger, once worked in the office of the V. R. & N. Railroad.

He was a short, stocky fellow, with bright blue eyes, thick hands, and a brisk manner. He wore very light suits, pink shirts,

and his hat either over one eye or far on the back of his head.

He worked like a nailer, and supported a mother and two sisters just as ably as though he had been quite unlimited.

They respected his ability, loved his good-nature, and madly doted on a peculiar, subtle quality they called his "'cuteness."

This he showed by his manner of wearing his hat over one eye, by signing his name "P. T. Geiger, *alias* P. D. Q.," and by dancing a

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double shuffle to rag-time as soon as he came home every evening.

When he sat at the head of their table, and said to his sister, "Hat, what's the matter of another potato down this side-track?" and made, at other moments, remarks equally natural and unpretending, the sisters and the mother would be apparently overcome by his charm; and they were always quoting his opinions and deferring to his wishes.

In the same office worked a very limited young girl named Daisy Andersen. She was small, with a neat figure and short, curly black hair; a good typewriter, and deeply admired at the working-girls' club, where she lived. She wore clothes of the latest fashion, and undertook the most progressive enterprises. She had taken a C. Y. F. R. U. course in banking and in book-keeping, and had been sent abroad by a popular magazine for collecting a thousand subscriptions.

When she came tripping through the office, in a very fashionable plaid shirt-waist, carrying a page of copy, Peetie Geiger was entranced. Indeed, the first time he saw her whisking through the hall, he had, after her passage, gasped to the office-boy, "Catch me!" and facetiously swooned.

LIMITATIONS

Daisy Andersen, on first seeing Peetie Geiger, had really felt just as his sisters and his mother felt, but the fetters of her sex restrained her from any such display as his.

Afterward, when Peetie observed that Daisy was not working, he would, in rare moments of leisure, go into the room where she was, and sit with one leg thrown over the office-table, to show off for her benefit and to admire her.

He soon fell into the way of taking her to park-concerts, to walk on Sunday afternoons, and sometimes to the theatre. In the course of these amusements he admired her daily more and more. Everything she said and did, her way of turning her handkerchief, of pushing in her side-combs, and even her custom of powdering outrageously, seemed to him wonderfully elegant and correct.

Daisy Andersen, on her side, besides being charmed by the "cuteness" of her friend, was honestly thrilled by his goodness.

She had in her own family, in Moline, Ill., two worthless brothers, and she knew how to appreciate in Peetie Geiger certain stanch and splendid qualities.

She loved him; and when he asked her to marry him, she promised. But as she herself

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was a good girl, she began at once to have scruples about Peetie's dependent family. His marriage would be impossible until they were provided for; and she thought it better their engagement should be kept a secret.

Peetie Geiger thought that if one of the girls married or went to work he could make both ends meet. Hat did go to work; but it was of no use; she was not very competent, or, perhaps, very eager, and she always lost her job. When the betrothal had lasted six years, Babe, the younger sister, was married, but that, too, was of no use; her husband drank, and she returned to her brother within two months. There was nothing to do but to keep on waiting.

Peetie Geiger did the same double shuffle, and led the same facetious life; and Daisy Andersen was just as enterprising and as neat and fashionable as ever.

After Babe's marriage they had told of their engagement in the rash certainty of their hope; and Daisy sometimes visited over Sunday at the Geigers, where she was rather contemptuously treated by the mother and Hat, and especially by Babe after her return. But she cared very little for that. Peetie never observed it; she could see that it pleased him

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to have her sitting with his family, as though she were one of them; and when he kissed her good-night in his parlor, she was entirely happy.

After they had been engaged for ten years, Peetie Geiger was taken ill with typhoid fever and died. Daisy Andersen was with him, and he held her hand and told her "He'd be all right," and "She was a Daisy anyhow." This had been a ten-years-old jest between them.

Perhaps she was. At least she took care of the mother and sisters afterward, and just as ably and as quietly as though she had been quite unlimited.

A FAILURE



THROUGH the rooms and halls of a high building on Wabash Avenue there sound all day, and sometimes far into the night, the note and phrase and rhythm of beating music. Scales and chords, throbbing violin tones, clear piano arpeggios, and soaring voices quiver in the air; and almost at the same moment one may hear wavering through the open doors of studios and practise-rooms endeavor at the technique of art, and its result swelling through the transoms of music- and concert-halls.

In one of the rooms of this building toiled like a galley-slave Professor Alberto Wright, a violin master. He was a tall, thin, brown gentleman, of Italian-American parentage, dressed always in Prince Albert coat, tapering gray trousers, and a puffing white satin

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tie. In the winter he wore an overcoat with a deep chinchilla collar, and it was in this he had his photograph taken to give to the pupils at Christmas-time, with "From your loving teacher, Alberto C. Wright," written in a swashing, black hand across the corner.

Far from being a loving teacher, Professor Alberto was as cross and tyrannical a master as possible. Still his pupils all liked him, and the more sensible stoutly admired him, for his work was done with honesty and enthusiasm; and his crossness arose from a native inability to understand why any moral and intelligent person should do otherwise than devote his whole time and energies to learning the violin. A few of his pupils really were inspired by him to such a devotion; the rest were chiefly without talent or ear, inadequately diligent, and horribly berated; but among the inadequately diligent was one pupil who had a very fine musical talent.

This was a Southern girl, a Miss Hallie Patterson, gifted with a quick ear, an instinctive musical understanding, and a talent for sympathetic expression on the violin. She had played it ever since she was four years old, when she had picked it up from her father's negro-man, Poley.

A FAILURE

Miss Hallie was extremely pretty, with brown curls and lazy, drifting blue eyes; she dressed outrageously, almost always wearing her brother's round felt hat; and she was so indolent that Professor Alberto often nearly wept at her slovenly runs and double thirds. She lived with her father, Dr. Patterson, her semi-invalid mother, Mrs. Patterson, her sister, Linda, her young brother, Clement, and Poley, in a large frame house, out on the West Side. When the doctor had moved into this house, twelve years before, he had had the ceilings frescoed, velvet carpets put on the floors, and small statuettes of Italian marble placed at the windows; and the house had received almost no attention since. Mrs. Patterson cared not a pin about the place. The doctor, after his one week's brilliant dash into housekeeping, was soon absorbed in his business again; and Hallie and Linda managed the house and brought themselves up, with Poley's assistance.

They certainly managed the house very ill. It was bare and dingy and almost always so cold that one had to wear a shawl. Hallie, Linda, and Mrs. Patterson always wore shawls; Clement grumbled frightfully about the cold, and in the wintriest weather kept his coat-col-

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lar ostentatiously turned up, and wore a bicycle-cap during dinner, while Professor Alberto, young Mr. Waters, Claudie Dawson, and other youthful admirers of Miss Hallie and Miss Linda, often sat through the meal at the doctor's with teeth positively chattering. Hallie and Linda had left school when they were about twelve years old, and they spent all their time in taking drives in a shambling cast-off phaeton of the doctor's with an old family-horse, in talking to a pet raccoon in the back yard, and in receiving calls. They were both pretty, both entirely amiable and indolent and devoted to easy, unambitious pleasures: and they both exercised a remarkable fascination over men and boys of all kinds, so that when Miss Hallie was not driving in the phaeton or feeding the coon, her attention was always occupied with some affair.

She simply had no conception of work, and when Professor Alberto would ask, crossly: "Miss Hallie, might I ask in what valuable way you spend your time that not one scrap is left for practice?" she would merely glance non-committally around the room, smiling sweetly.

"Will you do me the goodness to tell me that, Miss Hallie?"

A FAILURE

“Why, Mistah Wright, the reason I couldn practise yestahday was, I jus’ ran out to Austin with Mistah Watahs and Sist’ Linda and a friend to get a few wild-flowahs.”

Professor Alberto nearly choked with rage at these moments. In his early acquaintance with Miss Hallie he had visited the Pattersons in the hope of inducing Mrs. Patterson to spur her daughter to practise—a hope soon dashed. “Ah wish Hallie *would* practise a little,” she said, plaintively, in reply to Professor Alberto’s remarks, “though Ah’d rathah she took the piano instead of the fiddle, it seems so much moah lady-like. Ah’m passionat’ly fond of music mahself, Mistah Wright. Ah think every lady *ought* to know a *little* something about it—an’ that’s why Ah wanted to have daughtah take it up.”

Mr. Wright twisted slightly in his chair.

“Do you play ‘*Juanita*,’ Mistah Wright? It’s right pretty—Clemmie, deah, please don’t do that. It looks so rude.”—Clement was carelessly chinning himself at the parlor transom—“Don’t *you* think so, Professah?” Mr. Wright glanced discreetly at the floor. “The’ do get on my nerves sometimes, Mistah Wright, racketing around the way the’ do. Ah jus’ can’t do anything with them. The’ don’t pay any

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attention to *mah* advice. Daughtah Linda sometimes she almost weahs me to the bone. Now theah was Mistah Roy Pottah, a lovely fellow. Ah've almost nevah been so taken with any of the guhls' company as Ah was with Mistah Roy Pottah." She lowered her voice, "And *detuh*mined to marry daughtah Linda.—*Well*. He took it very well. As Ah say, he was a lovely fellow; and *so* sweet with Clemmie. He gave him moah lovely books, '*Willie's Trial*' and '*His One Fault*.'"

"Darned old stiff," muttered Clement.

"And now he is engaged to a lovely guhl in Kans' City. Someone, *Ah hope*, who can appreciate him," she raised her voice a little with didactic intent to strike the ear of Miss Linda, passing at the moment in teaching the five-step to Claudie Dawson.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Patterson observed, plaintively, to Hallie:

"Daughtah, Ah think you ought to try to practise moah foh Mistah Wright. He is a chawming gentleman, and Ah can see he is jus' wrapped up in his music."

"Well, mother, I will. But Clem hid my violin yesterday."

"Yes, sir. You bet I did; an' the next time you borrow my rub-boots without telling me,

A FAILURE

an' I look for 'em for an hour, I'll hide it again."

"Hush, Clemmie. Daughtah, Ah wish you wouldn't borrow Clemmie's things so much. Ah hate to see you in his hats the whole time; and Ah don't like to see you wearing that black lace scarf around your neck every day, Hallie. It *is* handsome, Ah will allow, *an'* becoming—but so odd. Othah young ladies weah linen collahs."

"Well, I asked Poley to get me some collars downtown."

"Miss Hallie, clean fergit tell you. Dee all out of youah size. Dee get it in to-day."

This was the manner of Miss Hallie's spurring to work. However, one spring, after a winter of blame and despair with Mr. Wright, she was suddenly inspired with an intention to do better. After all, she liked music better than anything else; and the long effort of Mr. Wright and the popularity and success of a celebrated violinist visiting the city touched her with a wish to endeavor to succeed in her art and with an impatience of her technical faults.

She practised for a month diligently and with good results, and when, late in May, Mr. Wright determined to give a chamber con-

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cert, a pupils' recital, and bestow on her the most important numbers, she was more than ever stirred.

For while Mr. Wright with one hand depressed this concert to the level of a simple, almost domestic occasion, with the other he raised it to the rank of an important musical event. Hallie thought very little about it at first; but as time went on she became more and more painfully aware that she must keep up to the mark—a feeling she extremely disliked.

Mr. Wright, meanwhile, sometimes pretended that the concert was of no moment, and at others represented to Miss Hallie that it was the beginning of her musical career and if she failed in it she would be little better than damned. He kept inviting more and more musicians, musical critics, and friends of musical art to come to the chamber concert; he had one pupil he particularly wished they should hear. He thought she had a career before her, since she certainly had a brilliant musical talent.

On the day of the concert Mr. Wright was so nervous that he even communicated his nervousness to Miss Hallie. He told her sev-

A FAILURE

eral times that she must not forget that someone would carry in her violin-stand and put it up for her. At the same time she must forget the audience and put all her energies into her work. But remember to stand facing the house; and not to keep looking at the piano when it was time for it to come in, in the concerto—that gave a very awkward appearance. She ought to have flowers. Everything counted in the beginning of a career. He tore out at the last moment and bought her some—no one else, he was sure, could do it so quickly—and handed them to her furiously. Looking out from the side of the concert-stage, poor Miss Hallie could see that the chamber was crowded, and with a critical, musical audience; though in the front row sat a comfortable group of Dr. Patterson, Clement, Linda, Claudie Dawson, and several of the youthful admirers. Poley was wandering restlessly near the entrance. He was almost as nervous as Professor Alberto.

The concert opened with two colorless trilling numbers by frightened pupils; and then Miss Hallie came out on the platform with her violin. She looked very youthful and a little pale and scared in Mrs. Patterson's best black grenadine dress and a little bonnet.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY

Her hand was quivering and she was unable to lift her eyes to the audience. She settled her violin under her chin, tightened a string with a desperate sense that now, *now* was actually the moment she had thought about so long, and began the introduction of the '*Norwegian Dance*' of Mr. Wright's selection.

Once the first familiar notes had sounded she was at ease in her performance. She played with her native perception and fire and more than her ordinary power and mastery. She completely filled her hearers' sense and her own with the splendid rhythm of the fierce Norwegian music, until, absorbed in her rendition, she glanced up carelessly, and, at the sight of all the faces and eyes about her, panic possessed her.

Her hand faltered. Grieg's music vanished from her mind as though it had been swept off with a sponge. She turned white and giddy, the room began to reel before her; and then it seemed she plunged down a bottomless abyss.

The next thing she knew was that she was lying on a couch in Professor Alberto's studio, with her father standing beside her and Poley, Clement, and Linda looking in at her from the door.

A FAILURE

“Lie still, daughter, lie still,” said her father, gently. He poured a little wine for her, and after she had drunk it Miss Hallie sat up on the couch and began to cry. She could hear the music of the next number sounding dimly through the transom. “Oh, how terribly Mistah Wright will feel,” she said. “I don’t know what was the matter with me. Heavens! I nevah will go on that platform again. I want you to tell Professah that I nevah will go neah that platform. I simply can’t stand it.”

The doctor gazed on her in distress and softly closed the door on Linda, Clement, and Poley. He soothed Miss Hallie as well as he could, gave her a little wine, took off her unaccustomed bonnet, and clumsily smoothed her hair, with anxiety and tenderness written on his lank, kind face.

“And, besides, I can’t stand it to see Mistah Wright again, befoh we go home.”

The recollection of Mr. Wright’s uncontrolled gloom arose before the doctor. “Perhaps that would be as well,” he assented.

“My daughter,” he continued, gravely, “I know you feel now that life is closed to you. At your age that is natural. I thought many times when I was a young man that I could not possibly continue in the medical careah.” He

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looked down at the floor. "And I never can have the success I once expected. But my work has been very much to me. You know we sometimes get more ourselves from our work than anyone else could give us."

Miss Hallie was an honest girl. "But, fathah," she said, quakingly, "I nevah took my music like that. I don't really care to practise much, though I'm awfully fond of music. I like it about as much as anything I know of."

"Well, that is a relief, in some ways," said the doctor. "But so much seemed to be made of this."

"No, that was all Mistah Wright. He sort of worked me up, I reckon. He always said I hadn't any application or any ambition, an' I guess it's true, I haven't." The tears began to fall over her face.

"Don't, daughter, don't," said the doctor, hastily, "it's bad for your eyes, my dear."

"Well, fathah, I guess if I had ambition I'd cry lots harder. Dear! how disappointed Poley will be," she began to laugh a little, and the doctor smiled, too, more from a good-hearted pleasure at seeing her rally than from any humorous perception of Poley's attitude. When Miss Hallie was safely started for home in the carriage with Poley, the doctor waited till

A FAILURE

after the concert was over and the sympathetic musical friends had dispersed, and talked long with Mr. Wright, who found him far more satisfactory than any other of the Pattersons. "You have taught my daughter nobly, sir," he said. "Nobly. I appreciate your work with her, but for many reasons—temperamental and othah reasons—she could never have a musical careah. In my profession, and in all professional work, sir, I have learned to appreciate the necessity of not yielding to a sudden mood, and ah—application——"

Professor Alberto nearly fell on the doctor's neck.

That evening, while the doctor was sitting in his office, he heard Hallie's violin quivering and singing through the frescoed parlors. Mrs. Patterson, in complainant confidences, was murmuring to young Mr. Waters at one end of the room, and Clement, Linda, and some of the youthful admirers were sitting out on the front steps, all rather silent, and a little tired from the exhausting day. Linda had nearly fallen asleep once or twice.

The fragrance of Professor Alberto's roses wafted through the empty rooms on the cool spring wind blowing through the open win-

EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY

dows. The tones of Hallie's violin rose and fell on the still air in the "*Swanee River*" and "*Dixie*," and in their wild lilting melody there sounded to the girl all the joys of her regained ease and liberty, "And I wish I was in Dixie, Away! Away! In Dixie's land I'll take my stand, to live and die in Dixie Land;" here for no reason but that of countless vague associations there sounded to her fancy a hundred happy days of waltzing and dancing in her father's parlors, of hours in the barn with Poley and long drives with Linda in the old phaeton, of innumerable worthless moments radiant with careless joy and freedom.

The lamp-light from the street fell in dusky and purple-flecked lights and shadows on the floor, and an overwhelming tenderness for the familiar house and its kind, funny ways swept her. At the moment everything in her whole life, its every circumstance, seemed to her suffused and radiant with the warmest loveliness. She played on and on, her heart beating high with happiness.

Perhaps she really was getting more from her work than anyone else would have given her.

STILL WATERS

STILL WATERS



CHARLES PAINE, a man of sense, wit, and feeling, was the second son of Henry W. Paine of the Illinois Circuit Court. Charles was a person of hot prejudices and firm convictions; cock-sure in all his opinions, able in athletic sports, and rather good-looking, with three-cornered blue American eyes, a high color, a high nose, and a very kind smile.

Among his many friends none was more blindly admired by him than a man of quite opposite temperament, Mr. Richard Elliot, a writer and critic.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY

Richard Elliot was a person of correct opinions, approved convictions, and refined prejudices; among these last was his admiration for a young lady who occasionally visited at the house of a friend of his mother's.

She was a Miss Margaret Alden, an extremely pretty girl, of "Mayflower" immigrant tradition, with straight features, light, smooth hair, gracefully arranged, and a rather scornful expression. She had no conception of anything in creation but character: personality, beauty, wit, art, trade, even happiness and pain themselves, were to her vision all inconsiderable as compared with character; and she spent all her time either in observing other people's or in developing her own.

She developed her own by thinking almost all other people far too unscrupulous and by keeping a diary of the following kind:

June 1st.—Oppressively warm yesterday evening. But I determined not to succumb to the heat, and gave up my afternoon nap. I dressed in my blue organdie, and was reading in the library when Richard Elliot and Mr. Paine were announced.

We had some conversation on modern literature. Mr. Paine talked a great deal, rather loudly and dif-

STILL WATERS

fusely. He seems to like almost everything, and praises without restraint.

R. E. appeared slightly amused by Mr. Paine. He himself said almost nothing. But I could see plainly by little things, a lifting of the eyebrow or a meaning silence, that on every subject we mentioned he had thought more, and more deeply than Mr. Paine. Here, again, is a habit of mind I should like to acquire. I think *enough*, it is true, but not *deeply* enough.

Mr. Paine brought me the "*Adventures of Huck Finn*," because I told him the other day I had never read it. After his usual extravagant way, he said it was his favorite work; that he derived the purest joy from it, and was never more happy than when he was in the author's power. He had liked it from the first moment he laid eyes on it, when he was seven years old.

He read out favorite portions, and several times shouted aloud with laughter. I was not especially amused; neither, I believe, was R. E. When Mr. Paine finished and handed me the book, R. E. remarked, however, with the quietest genial tact and reserve: "I am one who approves of humor. It has its place. Shakespeare knew this; and the best of us need a little laughter now and then."

He certainly has the most wonderful poise. I have read the book since, but have not exactly made up my mind about it—am going over it again. I cannot quite place it in modern art, and so cannot regard

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it as especially significant. Just *what* is its message to progress? Mr. Paine says that it has the finest democracy, but I cannot find where the author mentions democracy or reform at all.

To return to Mr. P., I do not understand, or, to be candid, like his being devoted at seven and at twenty-seven in the same way to the same book. This, of course, would not be possible to a man developing very eagerly, or living very strenuously; and sometimes I wonder if I am quite sincere in letting him continue my friend, but hardly know how to approach him on the subject.

It has been said that Richard Elliot bestowed on Miss Alden a judicious and tempered admiration; and no doubt, in that they were both serious as the tomb, they found a common meeting-ground.

But why Charles should have cast his affections on Miss Alden, his family often wondered.

His cousins nearly cried when they discovered his entirely obvious feeling. They said that if Charles were married to Margaret Alden, his life would be one long grind; that not only would he have a horrid time, but, as he was worked upon very easily through his affections, Miss Alden would soon change him into a miserable, self-improving egoist.

STILL WATERS

They worked themselves up to the highest pitch of impatience.

If they had been more modest for Charles, or better acquainted with Miss Alden, they need not have been so disturbed. The fancy of that young lady could never have been touched by a man as open as the day and as simple as a fairy-tale, however generous his excellence; further, there was the glamour of "R. E.'s" reserve and intricacy to lend positiveness to her refusal of Charles, who was, at the time, quite incapable of appreciating his good fortune.

If he could have known that he failed to please because he was patently good and able and funny, instead of non-committally weak and dependent and solemn, perhaps he would not have been soothed.

As it was, providence manifested itself. No one could have supposed Margaret Alden's dismal stupidity an instrument of happiness. Yet by this very means Charles was left free for a happy marriage, within a few years, to a good girl, a golf champion, who shared almost all his prejudices.

By this means, too, Margaret Alden was left free for a suitable marriage with a young gentleman as introspective as herself; and to-

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gether they lead the happiest life of tearing themselves over infinitesimal questions of conscience, of developing their characters, and of thinking almost everybody else far too unscrupulous.

THE CHATTER-BOX

THE CHATTER— BOX

“One ugly trick has often spoiled
The loveliest and the best.
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed.”

JANE TAYLOR.

MISS LUCY FOTHERINGAY, a young lady of nineteen, extraordinarily pretty, of sunny disposition and industrious habits, led a gossiping life of family duties and attentions among her many cousins and aunts in Chicago.

She was a fashionably dressed girl, with a high, sweet voice and quick motions, not in the least loud, but perpetually noisy, after a gentle manner, like some small water-wheel. The youngest of a large family of married sisters, she was the devoted nurse of their delicate mother, and lived with her, and with the eldest married sister, in Glencoe.

From this suburb Lucy and her invalid parent sometimes made visits at the house of General “Shiloh” Shepard, Mrs. Fotheringay’s brother. The general was a jocosé, imperious,

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and impatient old gentleman, in his last years rather testy with nervous dyspepsia; and he often highly resented Miss Lucy's chattering presence in the orderly quiet of his dignified round of horse-back riding, card-playing, and anecdotes of army life.

He would have liked to send her out of the room, or to shut her up in a closet, when she would cross her small feet, lift her active hands in gesture, raise her chin, and begin, precipitated by some such innocent civility as an inquiry after her sister's children.

"You ought to see Anna's baby! You never saw anything so cunning. Why, Mr. Hawkins is simply crazy over that child. He comes in to see Tootie almost every evening, and his sister with him. You knew, didn't you, she had come back from California? Oh, yes. She's going right back now, though, out to her husband, in the Philippines, and it's so hard for her to know what clothes to take—what sort of things she'll need, you know; at first she thought she'd get her mother to go out with her, Mrs. Potter, not Mrs. W. B., Mrs. R. O., Susy Simpson's aunt. Did you know Captain Hunter's cousin, that Miss Hunter, was engaged to someone in Manila? So of course Mrs. Hunter is interested in all

THE CHATTER-BOX

Mrs. Hoskin's sister's husband writes about it. The Simpsons are going to have a new green shingle-stain roof, like the Hoskin's, because the old one——"

General Shepard, at this point, would leave the room in haste. In the seclusion of his library he would say to his wife :

"Why, Lizzie, the child sets me nearly crazy! What the — does she think I care about Captain Hunter's cousin's engagement? Plague take the girl! Can't I have a little peace in my own house? How long is she going to stay? It's no wonder poor Katie has nervous prostration. Good Lord! Little Lucy will drive me to the mad-house yet."

"Well, Wallace, you know perfectly well, by this time, what Lucy is. She's been coming here now for nineteen years."

"It comes upon me afresh every time, Lizzie. Heaven knows I'm fond of the child. But here I am, a poor old fellow, lived patiently through the wars and hardships, and now to be faced down by this chattering chit. Lord! Lord! What has thy man-servant done, and the stranger within his gates?" General Shepard consciously and unconsciously often garbled to his purpose quotation floating in his lazy memory.

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“I can stand a good deal,” he now continued, “but if Susy Simpson, her life and letters, relations, wardrobe, beds, stables, stools, and candle-sticks come in once more—” At that moment Lucy, with her cousin Wallace, on her way up to dress for dinner, passed up the stairs in a clatter of quick heels and rapid talk. “Susy Simpson wore her red broad-cloth—she had a white vest, and it did look perfectly——”

The general positively moaned.

After dinner a young gentleman, whom he regarded as a rescuing hero to himself and his house, took Miss Lucy off to the theatre after sister Katie went to bed: and he sat in quiet and peace, playing cards with some old army friends, and talking, himself, as much as he pleased.

After the friends were gone he said to his wife, “Well, Lizzie, toss high the bowl of Sabine wine! It’s almost worth while to receive a visitation from little Lucy; it makes one appreciate so highly the ordinary——”

“Hush, Wallace, what’s that? They’re calling extras.”

“I can’t hear. Something about the Great Western.”

“The Great Western Theatre? It is. Yes, it

THE CHATTER-BOX

is. Why, Wallace, that's where the children——”

They hurried to the door. General Shepard called the newsboy, and, standing on the door-step, read the news aloud—news that in an instant's flash cast them from the comfortable road of their daily life down an abyss of miserable apprehension.

At the Great Western a balcony had fallen and hurt many people underneath, some slightly, some dangerously: at the time of the hasty printing of the paper there had been no opportunity to procure a list of the names; but as soon as their senses began to come back to them, both the General and Mrs. Shepard realized that if anything very serious had happened to Lucy they would probably have heard of it before now; for the accident occurred soon after the curtain rose at eight, and it was then nearly twelve. On the other hand, the play had not continued, and why had she not come back?

They agreed it was better not to awaken sister Katie. Mrs. Shepard would remain in the house to receive any possible news, and the general started upstairs for his overcoat and hat.

As he came back, within a few moments,

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from the upper floor, there fell on his ear a sound as of angels' tongues.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you were so worried—and Uncle Shi too! To think we decided at the last moment to take back the tickets! I can't get over it. Mr. Waters said if he had only known before I didn't care for that play—he didn't care for it either; and we had just been speaking about people who were fussy about not telling what they liked to see. Why, Mr. Waters, isn't it the most fortunate thing? Don't you think so——"

The general hurried into the room and seized his niece, who cast herself upon him, talking up to his very waist-coat. "Wasn't it the most wonderful chance in the world, Wallace?" said his wife. "On their way to the theatre they found they both had seen the play, and didn't care for it. So they took back the tickets and went to the Auditorium. They didn't even know there had been an accident till they got here."

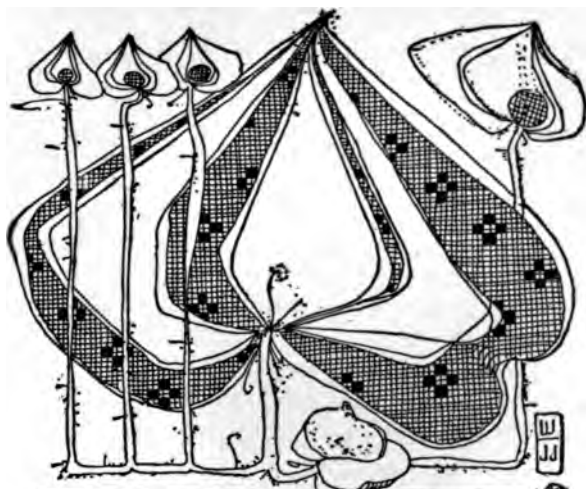
Mrs. Shepard was still pale with her terror, and the general a little shaky, even in the living, breathing presence of his niece. The Waters boy got himself away, and while Lucy was taking off her jacket the general and Mrs. Shepard stared limply at each other.

THE CHATTER-BOX

In the silence there sounded rapid whispering upstairs.

“Mother? You up! How killing! Here I am whispering to keep from waking you up. Such an exciting thing—you can’t imagine. But you must go to bed or you’ll be simply dead in the morning. I’m not going to say a word about it now—not one single word. But in the morning I’ll tell you everything.”

THE FOX AND THE STORK



THE FOX & THE STORK

IN the eastern part of Chicago there is a high, yellow, even block of buildings called the Atherton. It is honeycombed into flats, and in one of these flats once lived, with his wife and children, a man named Thomas Taylor, a prosperous real-estate agent.

Further west, in the same city, is a two-story red-brick house, with high steps. It is unique in its row, because it has evidently been

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opened, inside, into the house next it; for outside their steps have been made one by taking down the railing between them. In this house once lived, with his wife and children, a man named Fred Einstein, a prosperous clothier.

When they were boys, Thomas Taylor and Fred Einstein had been friends, and they had spent a great deal of time together. When they were men, they were friendly and they spent no time together.

Fred Einstein never talked with Tom Taylor, and never thought of him; and Tom never talked with Fred Einstein, though he sometimes thought of him, for every morning on his way downtown he passed Fred's clothing-store.

It was confidently named "Fred's Corner;" and on bargain days there were prominent white signs saying, "Give Us a Call" and "Step Right In"; but Tom was never enticed by these, though once, through the broad, smooth, plate-glass windows, he saw Fred, large, dark, and radiant, walking about grandly among the bowers of artificial roses erected in honor of what the newspapers advertised as "A Big Overcoat Event."

So they would have remained unconnected indefinitely, if it had not been for an incident

THE FOX AND THE STORK

which, afterward, formed for many years the most stirring recital in their wives' anecdotes of adventure.

One night in November, when Tom Taylor was walking home from the street-car, along a cross street, and just as he was passing an alley a man rushed out of the alley and stopped in front of him. At the same time a man rushed from across the street, and seizing his elbows, stopped behind him.

The man in front held a revolver to Tom's head. The man behind came around in front and began to go through his overcoat pockets; when the revolver was knocked to the sidewalk; the man who had held it was kicked down; and the hands of his companion were seized from behind by a large, swarthy Jew, who had come up, noiselessly, evidently upon a wheel, now leaning against the curb, and had advanced quietly toward them over the wet grass-plot. "Police! Help!" he roared, while Tom picked up the revolver and pointed it at its owner, who had got up and was already far down the alley.

The Jew's struggles and cries were, however, quite ineffectual, for the man he was holding managed to wrench himself away. He and his accomplice proved more fleet than Tom and

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his rescuer, and they were lost, before the police and the neighbors had joined in their pursuit, in an obscurity in which they forever remained. It was not till Tom stopped and walked back to the spot of his attack that he recognized in the large, panting, dark object standing there, the friend of his youth, Fred Einstein.

Fred Einstein's association with Tom on this occasion so stirred Mrs. Taylor that she went with her husband to call on the Einsteins on the very next evening.

The Einsteins were out. But Mrs. Taylor did not allow this to chill her enthusiasm; she invited them to dine in the following week, and in giving her invitation she had a pleased sense of doing an act of high social nobility. Tom experienced somewhat the same feeling. He remembered Fred Einstein as a grubby, good-natured boy in the high-school, with a sense of humor so broad that it included every form of scuffling, and that falling down always made him laugh so that he had to wipe his eyes, although he was a very sun of kindness. He was liked by everybody, and he was, and had always remained, the life of a large Jewish circle.

Tom felt that the general firmness and tight-

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ness of his home could not but be impressive to one so large and lax; and no doubt he wished to display all this to him, more than he wished to furnish him with an evening of pleasure.

It was with great satisfaction that he looked, on the night of the Einsteins' visit, at his neat parlor, with its little, clean, bright, gold chairs, and at his wife and her sister, Miss Minnie Parker, from Pittsburg, who were sitting in them, dressed in light wool clothes, tidily piped and braided, and with their hair arranged in compact little frizzes.

The children were going to have their dinner in the kitchen, and Tom rather regretted this, for they were the very crown and zenith of all the tightness and neatness.

They were two little girls with very short, stiff skirts, very long, black legs, and very close, sleek braids. When the door-bell rang, they walked lightly and decorously down the hall.

Tom was, afterward, glad that they had not remained. He felt as if the Einsteins might have spilled on them, they looked so enormous and unconfined as they sat in the little gold chairs.

Mrs. Einstein was a large Jewess, made in

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smooth, beautiful surfaces, like a dark gleaming lacquer box. She was dressed magnificently in jet and black velvet, with brilliant magenta satin shining about her; and she looked very luxurious, liquid, and eastern in the Taylors' little, pale, bare parlor.

As for Fred, he was one tremendous piece of Jewish good-nature; his small, bright, black eyes sparkled pleasantly in his great face, and his way of settling on the sofa seemed to indicate a perfect trustfulness and comfort of spirit.

He roared with laughter over the story of the thieves, which everybody told over again. Indeed, he continued to laugh loudly almost to the very end of the evening, although, after the talk about the thieves had been finished, the others found almost nothing to say.

There was, however, little need of this; for Mr. Einstein told anecdote after anecdote about Germans, whom he called "Dutchmen," and Italians, whom he called "Dagos." All these stories convulsed him; his wife, too, was extremely pleased with them, and more with his way of telling them. She looked at him fondly, and shook her head, with eyes swimming in tears of laughter, whenever the

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Dago fooled the Dutchman or the Dutchman fooled the Dago. After these he told stories about Irish wakes and weddings until dinner was over.

The reason why he seized all the opportunities for conversation was not that he was vain, or that he wished to shine, although he had an idea that he was a charming fellow; but that no one else took the opportunities, and that he had great natural ease and warmth of feeling.

Tom had decided that taking the Einsteins to the theatre after dinner would be an easy method of entertaining them; and he did not regret this decision when these stories, which were at first received with polite ripples of laughter, were finally almost refused in a silence only faintly broken by expressions of the remotest interest.

Miss Parker, indeed, did not speak at all, and her whole attitude evinced alarm and persecution.

Fred Einstein, however, did not observe, even dimly, the Taylors' chill gloom. He was like one standing in a lighted house of cordiality and looking out into a darkness of scruples. If all the neatness and circumspection made any impression on him, it was not so deep a

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one as to induce him to imitation. He seemed to have no idea that he was not fitting the standard of the Taylors, nor even to appreciate that they had a standard.

Yet, just before they started for the theatre, the continued silence of the rest of the party seemed to oppress him a little; and he was rather less demonstrative until the play began. It was "The Millionaire," a play much admired by Mrs. Taylor and Miss Parker. They liked the dresses worn in it, and besides, they said it was very deep.

The Einsteins did not care for the deep part. Mrs. Einstein even yawned a little in the ball-room scene, where the millionaire, in perfect evening-dress, tells the story of his rough struggling life to the pure young society girl in white satin, while waltz music throbs and couples dressed in the latest fashions promenade or dance in the background.

But there was a second heroine, who was always tripping in, singing, squabbling with the second hero, bursting into noisy sobs, and becoming reconciled to him. With this part the Einsteins were delighted. Fred roared so that people about him turned to look at him; and Mrs. Einstein would exclaim, when the second heroine stamped her foot, or put out her

THE FOX AND THE STORK

tongue, at the people who decried the heroine, "Isn't she cute!"

The Taylors were intensely relieved when the evening was over and the Einsteins' perpetual joy was a little subdued.

This, however, did not prevent them from inviting the Taylors to dine with them within a few weeks.

Fred Einstein felt that he should enjoy showing his friend what happiness really was. He thought he needed enlivening. He wished that Tom should see his double house and his six robust, richly dressed Jewish children. He included Tom's children and Miss Parker in the invitation.

Mrs. Taylor thought that she and her husband ought to accept this invitation; but they were both thankful that Miss Parker had returned to Pittsburg; and besides the other such good reasons for the children's not going, they could not stay up late, since they had to go to school in the morning.

So that Tom and his wife, on the night of their visit, were the only Christians that sat amid the Einsteins' plush and mirrors, surrounded by a swarm of scintillating, plaided, and frogged Jewish children.

These children were always climbing over

EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY

their father's legs and up their mother's skirts, and all through dinner they kept up a continuous clamor of—

“Ikey, would you hand me some salt, a'ready qvick?”

“Mamma, Selma vas poking my arm!”

“Must ve go to school to-morrow?”

This was so prominent that the Taylors could scarcely observe anything else.

While Fred was telling one of his stories Ikey took his butter, and his father rose and chased him around the table, and finally caught him and tickled him.

Mrs. Einstein shook her head and laughed irrepressibly through this; and when Fred sat down again she said:

“I vas afraid you would shock Mrs. Taylor,” in the tone of one supposing a jocose improbability.

She confided to Mrs. Taylor, with affectionate pride, that all her children were perfect cases. There was certainly nothing chilly nor gloomy in the Einsteins' ménage; on the contrary, there was so much warmth and glow that the Taylors were quite overcome, as they might have been by an oppressive summer-day.

Indeed, they were so worn that when they

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learned that after dinner they were to go with Mr. and Mrs. Einstein to see Josh Fagin in "My Partner and Me," they felt really happy, although, at any other time, the prospect of such an entertainment would not have found them enthusiastic.

They managed to smile politely at their hosts at parting with them; but after that evening the Einsteins never saw the Taylors again. This was probably because the Taylors were so small and colorless, for they saw the Einsteins soon afterward, at Christmas-time.

The Taylors were in one of the department stores buying a Christmas present for the children. They always bought together some large, sensible thing which filled their little girls' spirit with quiet and proud complacence.

As they emerged from a swarming elevator they observed in the distance a blur of color, and as they approached it they perceived that it was produced by Mrs. Einstein, who was standing at a window near, blooming and glittering in diamonds and sealskin. Her little boys, in small derby hats and carrying canes, and her little girls, in effulgent pluses, were all pushing and clamoring noisily together around a counter near, while she

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looked carefully away from them, shaking with laughter. They were buying her Christmas present.

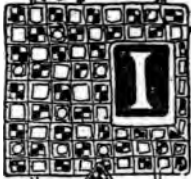
In another part of the same building the Taylors saw Fred, his arms full of parcels, absorbed in the purchase of an outrageously expensive doll's house, with real gas-jets and water-faucets.

Mrs. Taylor was surprised. "I didn't know they kept Christmas," she said.

"I guess they only keep the festive part," said her husband.

JACK SPRAT

JACK SPRAT



IN Lake View once lived as neighbors two children, a little boy named Milo Cox Atkinson, but called Butter, and a little girl named and called Pearl Porter.

To this little girl, her grandfather, Major Porter, showed an affection so devoted as to be popularly supposed almost ruinous. "He just spoils that child," Mrs. Atkinson would say, as she looked out of her window and saw Pearl fastening up the major's mustaches with hair-pins; and she would turn away with a sigh. It was, perhaps, this devotion, but more probably a native impulse of the heart, that had made Pearl an unusually vain child.

She was a pretty little thing with a floating mist of golden hair and large brown eyes, always beautifully dressed in little stiff, white, embroidered clothes; she

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was born with a sense of carriage; and she could not help knowing when ladies said, in loud whispers, "Isn't she sweet?"

Her reputation as a proudy-cat among the children of Lake View had, however, been founded less by her personality, than by an incident of her early youth.

When she was only four years old, she had been given a little blue silk parasol with an ivory handle. With this, at church, she had been left in the pew by her aunt, when that lady went up to the communion rail; and when Mrs. Burden had reached it, and turned, that those returning might pass her, what was the amusement of the congregation and her own astonishment, on seeing Pearl tripping lightly up the aisle, with her new, blue parasol opened and held gracefully above her proud head.

The aunt herself was a very dressy lady; and she, more thoroughly than any other member of the family, sympathized with Pearl in her taste for making calls, for wearing kid gloves, and for carrying a small card-case with a rose folded in it.

This aunt, Major Porter's daughter, was a large woman, with long red cheeks, tilted blue eyes, and an overwhelming, tightly busked fig-

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ure. At the top of her small forehead, long face, and towering bulk, she always wore a glittering little bonnet. She lived in Washington, and she was able to pet and indulge her niece only on occasional visits.

On these visits, Mrs. Atkinson used to watch with envy these two opposite and fashionable types walking out to the carriage together. She loved Butter, but she had always dreamed of having just such a child as Pearl.

All Butter's tastes were different from Pearl's. He had no imagination for the world of graceful convention.

His companions were other grubby, freckled little boys, most of them disregardfully dressed in trousers, bagging about two inches below the knee. Butter numbered among his acquaintances a boy that had run away from home, a boy that had a whip tattooed on his arm, and a man supposed by Butter's circle to be a murderer. Butter cut the man's grass, and when the man gave him fifteen cents—the market price is ten—Butter handed him back the unnecessary five and said, "No blood-money for me." The man had laughed in a puzzled way. Of course if he had done anything else, it would have given him away. Butter also knew a boy who had a printing

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press; and in partnership with him he had conducted successfully an enterprise of printing pink and green highly glazed calling-cards for the ladies of the neighborhood. Besides the cash capital derived from this source, the partners realized every summer a large income of pins and newspapers from circuses in the barn.

Major Porter sometimes attended these circuses with Pearl, and sat in a box for ten newspapers; and though he was so enchanted with Pearl, he used often to watch with a pang of envy Butter's little, lithe, wiry frame turning hand-springs in the back-yard. For though he had never had golden curls or carried a parasol, he had once tumbled on the grass and chased fire-engines, in a dusty and happy oblivion of the customs of the world.

Once a year a circus came to one of the empty lots of Lake View, west of the Porters'. It stayed for one day and then pursued its glorious march in honor of more Western cities. This day was one long haze of delight for Butter Atkinson. Its ecstasy began in the morning, when he went with his friends over to the lot to see the tent pitched, and it lasted through the concert at the end of the circus.

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Mr. Atkinson always took Butter—had never thought of not taking him, until one miserable day, when an unconsidering vice-president elect and his thoughtless wife spent twenty-four hours of being entertained in the neighborhood, when the circus was entertaining. He was an old friend of the major's.

A large afternoon reception was given for Mrs. Kendricks at the Porters' house; Mrs. Atkinson assisted in receiving; Butter was invited by Mrs. Burden to open the door. She believed this to have been a piece of the kindest consideration. Mrs. Atkinson, too, said that Butter would be glad to remember it when he was an old man; and she could not understand why he looked so morosely at the clean clothes she had with such pleasure put out on his bed.

He walked out to the woodshed after lunch, kicking his heels sullenly and listlessly against each other; and when he came out his eyes were red. The thought of the white elephant had been too much for him. His father's suggestion that it had been white-washed was not alleviating. Is a white-washed elephant an everyday sight? He had visions of running away; but he knew he should not run away; he should stay scrawl-

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ing his fingers in uncomfortable gloves, and open the Porters' door for dressed-up and worthless ladies, perfectly healthy, and able to do it for themselves, while amid the sawdust the opening procession was shining and glittering past, unseen, never to be seen, by his longing eyes.

He observed, in the open window, Pearl and Major Porter at their daily after-dinner game of "Old Maid."

Major Porter was not a kindergartner, and he was almost invariably "old maid," each time with ringing shouts of glee from his victorious grandchild poised elegantly on the windowsill.

But to-day her poise seemed less airy in its light ease. Butter heard no shouts, and when she turned and waved her hand to him, he saw that her eyes, too, were red.

Major Porter was smiting his head with despair and chagrin, at being a third time doomed to a single life, and eliciting from his opponent only a very faint and watery smile.

Was Pearl, too, not going to the circus?

Far from it. For days her grandfather had been bringing home hand-bills and posters; for days he had discussed with Pearl what they both should wear; what time they should start;

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how many glasses of lemonade each should have, whether they should look at the animals before or after the performance; and now all this was to be on the day of the reception. There were to be only ladies there. There was no reason why Major Porter should remain at home for it; and his enthusiasm for the circus had shown no change or abatement.

In the presence of his mistaken devotion, Pearl could not endure to confess even to her mother that her heart was torn at the thought of her new fringed sash, the gift of her aunt, and how now she could not wear it at the reception, nor walk around with the ladies. She had the dignified delicacy of many honorable little girls, and she felt that it would be a disloyalty to her grandfather to acknowledge that she was no longer interested in the circus.

Her aunt said she had cried because the heat made her nervous. "She doesn't look to me able to go tooting off to that hot circus, father," she said, coming up to the window.

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Porter, following her. "Do you care so much about it, darling?" Pearl's eyes filled again at this.

"Oh, Snooks 'll be all right for the circus," said Major Porter, with hasty, blind consola-

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tion, as Pearl's mother started into the house with her to bathe her eyes, and cool her. It was his fixed belief that the circus was the most ecstatic pleasure of every child, and any alternative an outrageous disappointment.

"Never mind if you aren't all right, Pet," said Mrs. Burden, and with inspired dulness. "Here's Butter. He isn't going, and doesn't want to go. He wants to see Mrs. Kendricks. And Butter, Mrs. Kendricks has some little boys of her own—such nice, polite little boys. I wish you could know them."

Butter looked submissively at Mrs. Burden's benevolent and unperceiving eyes impressively fixed upon him.

"Why, isn't Butter going to the circus?" inquired Major Porter.

Butter made no reply.

"Father too busy, I guess," pursued the major. "That it?"

"Butter is going to see Mrs. Kendricks this afternoon," replied Mrs. Burden. "He is going to open the door for the ladies."

Major Porter whistled. He looked suspiciously at Butter's red eyelids.

"Well, how would it be to have Butter come along with the circus party this afternoon, and let Mrs. Kendricks open the door for the la-

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dies herself?" He gave Butter a nudge under the table at this last abominably weak jest.

Butter could not refrain from a smile of hope.

"We'll all get ready, right away," continued the major. "You can get your hat, I can black my shoes, Sam can hitch up the horses, Pearl can have a B. and S. or something, and then we'll go."

"Father," murmured Mrs. Burden, in important haste, "Mrs. Atkinson got a new suit for him, especially for this. Don't think——"

"Well, Butter, I guess I'll have to go over and get your mother to let you open the door at the evening reception. That's the way we'll fix it out with her."

Meanwhile Mrs. Porter had by intuition divined the cause of her daughter's distress.

She came back as the major was starting off.

"I think Pearl would better stay with us, father," she said. "I really believe she wishes to assist in receiving. I am going to let her pass around the crackers."

It would seem that Providence had arranged for a variety of tastes in the world.

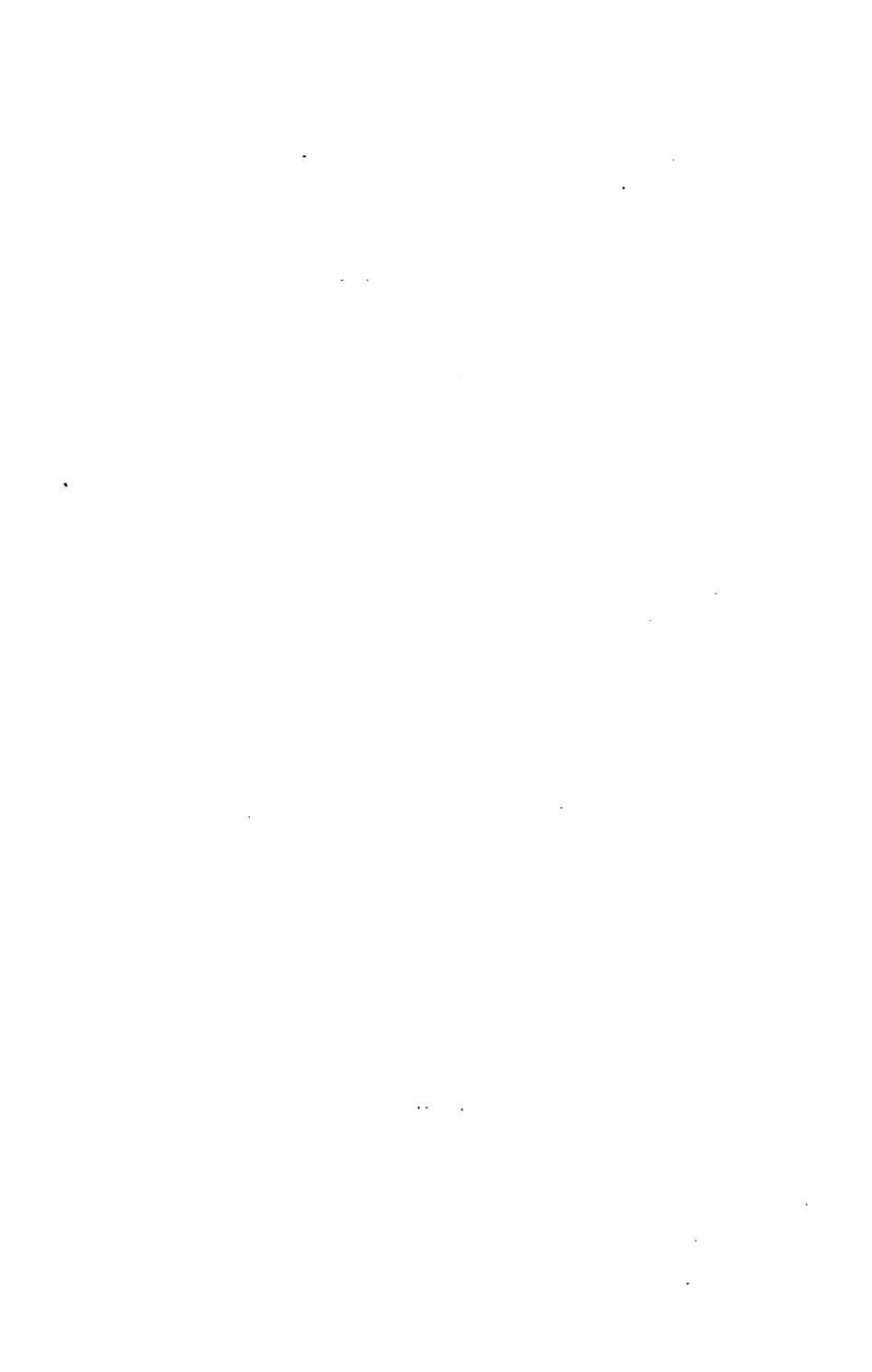
For, on that afternoon, Pearl floated airily and elegantly among groups of gloved ladies; and under the bulging, billowing tent, amid

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the odors of sawdust and the cries of lemonade men, sat Butter, between Major Porter and Sam, throwing peanut-shells between the open board benches, his happy eyes absorbed in the passing giraffes and ponies.

Major Porter was not looking at the ponies and giraffes, but he, too, was very happy : he was watching Butter.

A MATTER OF TASTE



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ENRY NORRIS, a young man of sound intelligence, upright character, and a slight property in real estate, had been employed for some years in a railroad office in Chicago.

He was a thoroughly nice person, of a light tan color, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a rapid, estimative glance.

His eye-glasses, his dark-blue clothes, and his habit of allowing no one an inch of personal opinion, brought him everywhere a high respect and consideration; and his life was contentedly passed in brisk judgments and classifications by his Standard.

This he took with him everywhere, and by it he measured everything: art, conduct of life, passion, dress, amusements,—whatever he saw or heard.

He advised his sisters and his cousins in all their affairs; his mother and his aunt consulted him about everything; and they all,

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too, measured by the Standard, and adopted it as their own.

Around the corner from the establishment of Henry, his mother, and his sisters, there lived a young German couple who had no Standard at all.

These were a Mr. Sigurd Bhaer, a flute-player, and his wife, Otilie.

Otilie Bhaer was a gentle, affectionate girl, tall, stiff, and blooming, like some bright, trellised garden flower. She had a pleasure-loving, sympathetic temperament, and a gay, shouting laugh, very hearty, and much too loud.

Her color was rubicund, almost purple; and she dressed her shining, flaxen hair high, in elaborate braids and neat puffs above her good-natured eyes and wide, smiling mouth.

Every night when Sigurd, a thin, dark little German, with wavy mustache and wild eyes, reached home, after putting on his smoking-jacket, a pair of curling Turkish slippers, and an entirely causeless fez, he would run out with a high blue stein to the nearest saloon, and return with it filled with foaming beer.

Then, after supper, he and Otilie would sit

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out over the street, on an iron balcony so small that they were obliged to put the flower-pots in when they went out. Here they would watch the street-cars or the passers-by. Sometimes Otilie would read aloud "*Die Zweite Frau*" or "*Geheimniss der alten Mamselle*"; and sometimes Sigurd would read aloud "*Wallenstein*," or his favorite poem, "*Der Taucher*." As Otilie sat beside him, open-eyed and sympathetic in the excitement of the narrative, he would lean fiercely forward from the edge of his chair, occasionally glaring with dramatic fervor, and almost bursting, as he hissed: "Und es wallet, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt."

Otilie and Sigurd played together on the flute and the piano; and sang duets, not particularly well, but with the greatest enjoyment. They went to all the good music and acting offered in the city, by sitting in the least expensive seats. They had season tickets for the Thomas concerts: and every Sunday afternoon in summer they spent in concert gardens, riding in open cars, or walking on the white-stretching drive by the sunlit lake, Otilie radiantly dressed in a bright-blue silk waist and a hat of a variegated flower-bed, and Sigurd comfortable and enthusiastic in a low collar and a baggy bicycle cap.

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Among Otilie's friends was one of Henry Norris's sisters, Elsie Norris. She had known Otilie in school; and had enjoyed with her many happy hours of picking out tunes by ear on the piano, and of revel in "*Die Zweite Frau.*"

It must be admitted that Elsie behaved rather darkly with Henry about the amount of time she spent in this unprofitable manner. She knew that there was no hope of combining Henry with Sigurd and Otilie. They could never fit the Standard.

Their culture, developed in the training of a lifelong and genuine pleasure in artistic expression, rather than in reading a number of books, was not what Henry considered culture. Their refinement, consisting in a certain warm and delicate sympathy, rather than in a reserved manner and eye-glasses, was not what Henry considered refinement. As for their progress, when Elsie saw Otilie and Sigurd sitting over North Clark Street, in their little, crowded, iron balcony, she saw in them that somewhat amusing and very fine unconsciousness and that lovely democracy characteristic of the most advanced spirits. But it would not have been possible to persuade Henry that there was anything progressive in

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the Bhaers. Where he could not find them progressive, or cultured, or refined, he must have judged them guilty; for it was a necessity of his nature to judge everything.

Elsie, on the other hand, never judged anything, partly because she really had no Standard, partly because of a temperamental laziness.

She was a good-natured, easy-going girl, blonde, and rather pretty, whose main effort was to make her shirt-waists look as well as possible, and to have a little fun. Her taste in fun was not at all the same as Henry's.

He, like Sigurd and Otilie, read aloud sometimes in the evenings, and perhaps the difference between his conception of fun and Elsie's may be accurately indicated by his selection in art.

Out of all the field of letters Henry chose a book, beautifully bound, in three volumes, and called "*Buonarotti and the Minor Sonneteers of Milan.*" It consisted of a number of biographies of obscure writers of very poor sonnets, with a little bland comment on the work of each.

Henry said that the book showed a wonderful knowledge of letters, and the sisters and aunts and Mrs. Norris said that it was perfectly fascinating.

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Elsie, on the other hand, never felt life more vacuous than while she was sitting hearing Henry's clear, quiet voice intelligently emphasizing: "Guido Boracchio's Rhyme Cadence, while less sonorous than Reni's, surpasses the famous Tuscan's in a certain dulcet prolongation of the cesura. His great service to modern art lies, indeed, in his introduction of the bucolic dieresis into the poetry of Europe; and the importance of this to modern letters, indicating, as it does, the dawn of a new-culture epoch, can hardly be over-estimated."

Often Elsie longed at such moments for the "*Old Mamselle's Secret*." Often she wondered whether the introduction of the bucolic dieresis really could not be over-estimated, and what peculiar enchantment the compiler of the sonneteers' lives cast upon Henry, that night after night he should read on and on in the volume of his mystic choice; and once, when a harpist and violinist outside played the prison song from "*Il Trovatore*" with all kinds of slovenly mistakes, but with real vigor and pleasure and sharp effect, she forgetfully rose and left "*Buonarotti and the Minor Sonneteers of Milan*," to listen to a more honest and sympathetic exposition of art.

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It need not be supposed that her action escaped Henry's notice; and the unworthy tendency it revealed became even more apparent to him on a certain evening when he and Elsie went to a Thomas concert.

It was rather a field day on account of the presence of a famous soloist, a rising pianist, and the presentation of an unusually interesting programme. Many musicians were present, and, as it happened, Henry and Elsie sat behind Otilie and Sigurd.

They whispered excitedly together while the orchestra took its place and settled down in a phalanx of familiar faces, with the horns and trumpets twisting and glittering above, the bass viols looming at the sides, the drums and bells at one corner, and the crowd of graceful violins clustered in front, around the leader's stand.

Sigurd muttered the first bar of the opening number, scowling fearfully, and Elsie heard Otilie whispering: "Oh, how can I wait for it to begin!"

It did begin, finally. The leader took his place, raised his baton, and the music floated over the expectant house in some heavenly melody, intangible, and yet unspeakably real and beautiful, like a bubble or a foaming eddy.

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The evening's entertainment had begun; and through all the perfections and failures of its art Otilie and Sigurd sat rapt in a world of enchantment. Occasionally they shook their heads and frowned disapprovingly at an interpretation; occasionally they looked at each other and smiled; while behind them Henry followed the music with intelligent zeal in the programme.

The climax of the concert was reached by the soloist in the second part of the programme with a popular encore, none other than the "*Erlkönig*."

The pianist had aroused greater applause earlier in the evening, but his soundest effort, the work of his most deeply, if not most widely appreciated, was his presentation of that cold and stirring ballad.

From the first thrilling phrase of the beginning up to the chill horror of the end, the best of the audience was responsive to his expression, rapt with his power; and almost before the sound died his ability was receiving its sure applause. Sigurd and other expansive spirits rose and shouted "Bravo!" and Otilie wept.

All the hours and days and years of the man's endeavor were present to her in his success;

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her tears were from sympathy as well as from admiration; and partly, too, from the excitement of seeing in the field of work she had always known, among its blunders and patience and devotion, an achieved and splendid excellence.

After the concert was over Elsie saw Otilie still talking about it with Sigurd in the opposite end of a crowded street-car.

"Ah, when it came sweeping there—how wonderful!" Sigurd was saying. He spread out his hands in the air on an imaginary keyboard and gave an absent demonstration of a few rapid chords, to the delight of the other passengers.

The cold, wild beauty of the "*Erlkönig*" music kept sounding in Elsie's head while she and Henry walked home. She was still happy in its sweeping poetry and its power, and she looked at Henry's kind, refined face with an especial affection, suddenly feeling that it was uncandid and unworthy in her not always to speak to him freely.

"Wasn't it beautiful?" she said, finally, and she slipped her hand into his.

"What, dear?"

"'Erlkönig.'"

Henry instantly released her hand at this.

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He was far too consistent and sincere to retain the hand of a person not entirely cultured, refined, and progressive in opinion; and he replied:

“Referring to the music, not the words, of course, it seems to me not entirely sane—not eminently the work of a man who saw life steadily and saw it whole.”

Some unwise pertness and perversity seized on Elsie at this inapt application of a familiar criticism, and in a foolish impulse of truthfulness she said:

“Well, Henry, don’t you think that any one who tried to see life whole in one short piece of musical work would be a rather presumptuous creature?”

Henry at first made no reply. Then he answered, with real sharpness:

“Why, all the great artists have seen life steadily and seen it whole. Besides, the ‘*Erlkönig*’ is *not* in the first rank of classic music.”

It would have been impossible to say why comment of a character she had heard all her life should suddenly have infuriated Elsie with its complacent fatuity and silly hardness. It was on her tongue to say that she didn’t care a rap for the rank of the “*Erlkönig*,”

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only for itself. But she found herself too furious to speak.

They walked the rest of the way home in silence. But as they went into the house she began to wonder why she unaccountably took Henry so seriously.

She looked at him as he turned down the hall-light, casting the shadow of his eye-glass cord over his nice, intelligent face, his straight brow, and sensitive mouth ; and suddenly she realized that his Standard was as inevitably a part of him as the very color of his eyes.

He had been born with it, as people are born with silver spoons or a deformity, and to be irritated with him for it was really very unreasonable.

He was the gentlest of creatures, and as Elsie turned to go up-stairs he held out his hand to her, somewhat benevolently, it is true, but still with the sweetest brotherliness and tenderness : and they both felt that in a various world every one has need of a great deal of patience.

A COMPULSORY HERO

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URROUNDED by a sparkling crystal bubble of various illusions, a young woman stood in the library of a parlor on Dearborn Avenue awaiting the appearance of a plain-minded friend.

The plain-minded friend, Elsie Norris, running into her, and remembering affectionately Georgina's good-spirits, good-looks, prismatic views, and their former lively friendship, seized upon her with the warmest pleasure.

It was now two years since Georgina had married and gone to New York to live; three,

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since Elsie had first known her, in the halls of the Art Institute; and while the last two years had modified the mould of her guest's dress and manner, the glass of her highly colored fancies was evidently still the same.

In her sable turban and black velvet jacket, tall, animated, with a clear color and serious blue eyes, Georgina, seated on the edge of a Morris chair, described enthusiastically throughout her visit the gifts of her husband. "His face has a very kind expression," said Elsie, looking at a photograph in her friend's watch.

"That isn't very characteristic of Frank. He has an intensely cold, proud nature. He is devoted to a few persons; but he is so scornful of every one else that I sometimes dread to think of how people would dislike him if they could see how he despises most of them."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes—and *bitter* and *sarcastic*!" she added with pride. "He is the most scathing man I ever saw; and he doesn't hesitate for an instant to lash powerful institutions, and even people's own follies right before their very faces."

"Do they like that?"

"He doesn't care whether they like it or not.

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He fears absolutely nothing, and he is just as cynical as he can be," she went on joyfully. "Any one can see that he is a force in a few minutes. But most people would hardly think how much power he has—really blasting. He is very quiet, and never speaks loudly, or rants, or does anything of that kind. But all the time he is just as fierce as iron at white heat. He really is made of iron."

"Does he especially hate any particular thing?" said Elsie, deciding that she would try to visit Georgina at hours when Frank might be blasting away from home.

"Any inconsistency in dress, or manner, or talk. It's wonderful to me to hear him with any person he meets, closing in and closing in, with that concentrative reasoning of his, until he crushes the person's fallacy from all sides at once. That was what fascinated me in him in the first place, his cold, firm intellect." She rose to go.

"How soon can you come to dinner, Elsie, you and Henry? On Tuesday, possibly?"

In spite of her enjoyment of Georgina's company, the prospect of dining with Frank's icy intellect looming close at hand was so singularly bleak to Elsie, that she instantly tried to find an apt and fond excuse for remaining at

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home in uncrushed folly. But she was too alarmed to achieve anything better than an incoherent murmur about "Henry's business hours being very uncertain. He might be out of the city then."

"Well, never mind about him, then. You haven't another engagement on that night, have you?"

"No," said Elsie, now paralyzed with parlor stage-fright; and in this manner she promised herself to an evening of entertainment that seemed in prospect much like an engagement to spend three hours taking medicine or having one's ears boxed.

On the evening when Henry and his sister were to meet the merciless critic of social institutions and customs, Elsie twice changed her dress, and then removed a white bow of no practical value and little appeal to the reason, that might excite the ferocity of the outspoken Frank. By the time she and Henry entered Georgina's library she had become so nervous that her highest hopes for the pleasure of the evening were centred on the time when Mr. Penton might perhaps be too preoccupied by carving to spend himself in vituperation.

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Everything was peaceful when they entered the room. Mr. Penton had been detained; he was not come down yet.

While Elsie was talking with Georgina, and momentarily expecting that he would enter with a burst of epigrammatic rockets, whose sticks would hit perhaps every person in the room, a small, mild young man appeared in the door, observing, inconsequently, "Well-well."

It seemed no one had ever concealed the fires of white heat more astutely. After he had shaken hands with his guests, he seated himself without a single cynicism or curse of any kind, and began speaking of nothing madder than the street-car service.

Henry observed instantly that of course all the surface roads ought to be put right under ground, as the lines had no beauty.

"It would be all right for me if they just ran a few more cars on top," said Mr. Penton.

Georgina glanced at Elsie. Her guest wondered if this harmless observation could possibly be an instance of the lashing of the powerful institutions. Could it possibly be?

"More cars would be an improvement—but only a compromise," said Henry, briskly. There was a pause; and Henry now proceeded to apply a test by which all his acquaint-

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ances stood or fell. "Don't you think life in the country, away from the street-cars and all such complications, is the only life?" he asked.

Elsie believed that now the white fires might manifest themselves. But Mr. Penton only smiled at Henry and said: "Oh, come now. You don't say that kind of a thing to a man before he's had his meals, do you?"

Georgina again glanced at Elsie, who could only think again, was this remark what one called blasting?

Georgina herself replied to Henry with some irrelevance: "Mr. Penton can't stand oppression of any kind, can you, Frank?"

"Certainly not," replied the young man. "I hate the bad, and love the good. You see where I stand firm for the right, though very hungry."

Could it be that Georgina considered such unpretentious facetiousness as this, bitterness and sarcasm?

They went out to dinner.

In the dining-room Henry turned the conversation to Poe and his literary pretensions.

"His work," he said, "is not buoyant or in touch with the modern spirit, and so is abso-

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lutely useless. Have you ever read anything more thoroughly gloomy and unhealthy than '*The Fall of the House of Usher*'?"

"But," said Mr. Penton, "don't you make a little allowance for an entirely different world of imagination? I don't mind having the Ushers live and die in a malarial spot any more than I mind having the witches in *Macbeth* in a damp, draughty cave where they might easily catch cold."

"I dislike anything that makes for gloom and pessimism," said Henry.

"I know, of course, that if Poe had introduced some practical character to persuade the Ushers to put in steam-heat and Lady Madeleine not to go out without her rubbers, the whole trouble might have been avoided. But I'm so glad he didn't. The gloom and the tarn and the blood-red moon and Roderick Usher and the whole thing make me so much happier than a cheerful scene would."

"I am an altruist," said Henry, quietly.

Elsie feared that Mr. Penton could hardly avoid remarking that this had nothing to do with the case. But instead he only laughed good-humoredly and procured Henry more oyster-crackers. Was this the relentless concentrative reasoning?

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The evening continued and closed in perfect comfort.

"My dear," said Georgina, afterward, "it was so nice to have you there the other night. I saw at once that your brother has such fixed opinions himself that he doesn't care much what Frank says."

"No." Henry, indeed, regarding Mr. Penton as a feather-headed simpleton, had hardly observed his remarks.

"And you are so easy-going yourself that you don't mind that cynical, violent talk of Frank's at all."

"No."

But for once Elsie did not envy her friend her prismatic views. It seemed Georgina had by the best of fortune married a man of quick and independent appreciations, a native kindness, and not without humor; and, through her singular taste and vision, she must always admire him as a boorish and intolerant cynic. She was content and delighted in her conception of him. But, after all, had she gained by her illusions the happiness she might have had from an understanding of the facts?

THE PARENT'S ASSISTANT



AR out on North Clark Street used to stand a square red brick house with green blinds, white stone trimmings, and a mansard roof of blue slate.

It had a large green yard enclosed by an iron fence, and geranium-beds bordering the plank walk leading to its piazza.

There was a swing in the side-yard and a side-porch where the servants whipped eggs and peeled apples. Smoke blew from the chimneys, children played on the grass, women talked and sewed on the piazza or at the long bay-windows. The place was instinct and radiant with life, and in its amplitude and soft brilliant coloring there seemed to lie the lovely expression of a house of peace.

Here lived Major and Mrs. Porter with their sons, their daughter, Mrs. Burden, their grandchild, Pearl, old General Baggs, Mrs. Porter's father, and transient hordes of visiting relatives.

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These the major loved to take to see the Masonic Temple and the Columbian Museum, to climb the pen-fences at the Stockyards, and to stand on the State Street Bridge while it turned.

Meanwhile, at home, Mrs. Porter would sit talking to Sister Susies and Cousin Belles and Aunt Annies, while she ran up seams or featherstitched or herringboned.

She was a pretty and industrious woman, rather small and slightly freckled, with habits regular as those of a bee.

She arranged her soft gray hair in a neatly curled cliff of bang tied around with an invisible net, and, inside the house, she always wore in the daytime little white cambric sacks. At about four in the afternoon she would dress in a black Bengaline with ruching in the neck and sleeves.

She had dinner for her family in the middle of the day and supped at about six o'clock on a tea of the proudest character, with hot biscuit and creamed chicken and several kinds of cake. She had no idea of adopting, nor of making them adopt, any alien or more sophisticated customs, and she spent all her time in sewing and in taking care of her family, always large and cumbersome.

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She had a friend, a Mrs. La Grange, who gave talks at clubs, who used to come to see her and say: "Fanny, why don't you go into these newer things a little more? I sometimes think you are stagnating here, dear, and that we ought to do something to take you out of yourself and your own little concerns. They really are *very* little, don't you think so yourself?"

A hortatory manner had indeed grown so accustomed with Mrs. La Grange that she adopted it with almost every one; but she felt that Fanny especially needed improvement, or, in other words, that Fanny ought to be more like herself.

Mrs. Porter would sit and sew and wonder why she didn't have such good times as she used with Addie La Grange. She could just as well have retorted by asking Mrs. La Grange why she didn't go into hemstitching and featherboning and plain sewing for her niece's children, and by telling her that she ought to try to get out of her rut and work for others instead of occupying herself so much with her own papers and little concerns. But as her large and various family had made her more tolerant than Mrs. La Grange, she did not expect her friend to be just like herself, but was content she should go her own way.

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Mrs. La Grange, however, finally persuaded Mrs. Porter to attend two or three club meetings of a kind rather disappointing to her. She had, as a girl, belonged to a very sprightly and diverting Cook County cooking club, with prizes at every meeting; she had hoped that the little club of Mrs. La Grange's invitation would be somewhat like these gatherings, and she was surprised when she was obliged to listen all the afternoon to a paper on Romanism. It seemed to be a very unsociable arrangement, far inferior to the old one. If Romanism were the rallying-point of the entertainment and you knew nothing about it, you were rather stranded; while, at the old club, if the rallying-point of the evening were Mrs. General U. S. Grant's recipe for pocket-books, and you knew nothing about it, you could yet eat and pronounce on the pocket-books.

However, Mrs. La Grange finally induced her friend to join the club. The major and the boys joked a great deal about it. They had a family habit of unambitiously repeating the same jests again and again, and roaring contentedly over them.

Mrs. Porter loved their jokes, and she liked to tie on her best bonnet and start off in the

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afternoon, to return and tell them all about it in the evening, and listen to the jokes, maintaining her accustomed attitude of scornful inattention.

In her furthering of the good work, Mrs. La Grange at length induced Mrs. Porter to write a paper. She might take any subject she chose. *The Bringing up of Children* and *Homekeeping and Housekeeping*, were suggested.

The boys were very hilarious over this.

"Look here, mother," her eldest son, Tom, said one morning after breakfast, "it's a darned shame the way they treat you at that little club. I can see plainly these are old measly subjects a cat wouldn't look at. What do the high lights write about? What are the big guns' subjects, anyhow? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, mercy, Tom! I wouldn't have any of their subjects for anything."

"Well, what are they, anyhow?"

"Oh, things like Reform and Drainage. They really are splendid, you know. The people that write about them know all about them. And those are the best days."

"Oh, well, all right. Of course where they write about what they know, you'd better keep out of that. But aren't there any highfalutin

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subjects? Art? That's certainly the place where you can put on the most airs."

"Now, Tom, go away. I want to begin writing my paper this morning."

"Mother, do you think I'd leave you to suffer and struggle alone with that paper?"

"Go along, Tom. Stop your nonsense."

"Art's the thing for you. Now, what kind do you prefer—Painting?"

"Goodness, no. I'd feel like a perfect idiot writing about painting."

"Architecture, Modelling, or Decorative Design?"

"Tom, go off. I want to start my sewing."

"Music or the Drama?"

Mrs. Porter maintained an ostentatious silence.

"Well, what about Literature? That's your card, mother."

"Tom, I don't know anything about it."

"Well, that's just what's necessary in enlightened criticism. The main thing is to judge impartially; the less you know what you like the better. I tell you, mother, you'll come out strong there."

"Well, what author could I take?"

"Oh, almost any author—Herrick, for instance."

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"I never read one word of Herrick's."

"That doesn't make any difference. You don't need to bring in his writing. You want to say that it is as a man you wish to know and love him. Father will have to stand it as well as he can."

"Where does Herrick live? In this country?"

"Oh, no. There's no danger of his being in the audience. He died a long while ago."

"Does he come in much in history?"

"No. Not at all. You can say you know that the happiest men, like the happiest countries, are those that have no histories. Everybody likes to see in papers and literary criticism something they've heard twenty or thirty times before. You put on your best bonnet, hold up your chin, and after they've rapped on the table, you say in the silence, as sweetly as you can and just as though it were fresh from the mint: 'The happiest men, like the happiest countries, are those that have no histories,' and every one will cotton to you."

"But, Tom, if he didn't come into history, where can I find anything about him?"

"You can't. That's the beauty of it. Just a few little encyclopædia scribes and some biog-

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raphies. All the rest is airs. You have just as good a right to make up a lot about Herrick as any one else has, you know."

"Tom, you'll be late at the office."

"You can call it 'Herrick, and Country-Life,' or 'Herrick, the Man.' You want to say things like 'I love to picture the poet in his green Devonshire, cared for by his faithful housewife, Prue, tending his rose-trees, listening to his cow-bells.'"

"Sha'n't I say a word about the poetry?"

"Well, just mention it casually as revealing his personality."

"But I don't know a word of it."

"Yes, you do. He wrote that thing Charles sings, '*Bid Me to Live.*'"

"Why, I love that, Tom. Don't I say a word about its being pretty or good or something?"

"Not on your life. Don't you let on for an instant he ever wrote a syllable for anything but to reveal his personality."

"Perhaps they'd like to have Charles come and sing '*Bid Me to Live.*' I'd like to have some one besides myself there when I read this thing."

"I'll stand by you, mother. I tell you I wouldn't miss seeing you stand up and get

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off, 'The happiest men, like the happiest countries, are those that have no histories.' "

" Tom, you help me too much."

" No, mother. I see you catch the spirit of the idea. Now what question are you going to raise ? "

" What question ? "

" Why, yes. You want to express your opinion about something or other Herrick did that some people think wasn't exactly straight."

" In his writing ? "

" Mother! mother! Heavens, no. Something about allowing his brother-in-law to pay his debts or his being a royalist in the civil broils. Have a pause in your paper and then say, ' And now we come to the consideration of Herrick's moral calibre and the long-mooted question of his debt to his brother-in-law, Sir Wilmot Shanklin.' Then say you think it was really all right and Sir Wilmot could very well afford it, or else, that you think it was selfish and inconsiderate in Herrick and that you don't like it at all. But you want it all terribly refined and rambling and sort of patronizing; put in as often as you can what a special pet of yours Herrick is and say things like, ' How well I remember my first

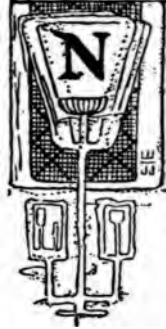
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dip into Herrick's sweets, and the day of my introduction to the dear old man.'"

Mrs. Porter's paper, "*Herrick, and Country-Life*," was finally written and read at Mrs. La Grange's club with great success.

The committee had been at first a little startled when Mrs. Porter changed her subject from the field of domestic experience to the field of letters, but with the event they all were charmed, and Mrs. La Grange said, when she next came to see her old friend: "My dear, that club has certainly developed you wonderfully. I knew when I persuaded you to go into it how stimulating it would be."

THE JOY OF LIFE



NEAR the Lake, at the eastern edge of the North Side, there is a small lagoon with a white stone curb, and a rounding, verdant bank planted with a young birch grove of feathery delicate foliage and white, streaked tree-trunks. A high bridge spans the lagoon, and joins its green western shore with the cement and

cobbled esplanade that borders the lake.

Standing on the top of the bridge one may see, close beside, the lawns and grassy slopes of the park, and the stretching lines of white street wainscoted with dark buildings and fringed with the dusky hanging shade of green trees. Beyond, the city spreads in a buff and lavender distance of smoky chimneys and roof-tops.

On a cool, sunlit morning of early summer, a young German girl was standing on this bridge and looking out at the gay, various

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scene, all green and white in the fresh air and the clear light of a fine day.

Her face was lovely with blushing color and an expression of complete and gay good nature: she was about eighteen, dressed in an elaborate, hemstitched shirt-waist, and a bright shade-hat trimmed with flowers; and she carried a straw work-basket.

Lulu Elliot, not long ago Lulu Hoffman, was walking up from her flat near the city to spend the day at her father's house, and carrying in her basket some linen to hemstitch, a coffee-cake loaf for her mother, some little German china animals for her brothers, and some songs to practice.

She was in no hurry. She rested her basket on the bridge, and looked out over it. Without any conscious admiration, she was enjoying with a perfect and humble happiness the brilliant, luminous colors around her, the warm sun shining on her arms and shoulders, the blowing fragrance of the newly mown park, and the light lapping of the lake against the breakwater.

She was so absorbed that she did not for some time observe walking over the bridge another young woman, dressed with distinction and suitably in a walking-skirt and hat, and step-

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ping along correctly, with chest expanded, treading on the ball of the foot.

Margaret Alden was taking her morning walk for exercise and reflection, on the Lake Shore; and she was almost upon Lulu before she recognized in her an acquaintance, the sister-in-law of Richard Elliot, a writer, and the wife of his unworthy, easy-going brother, a sporting reporter.

Lulu now, too, saw Miss Alden, and recognizing in her one of her very few acquaintances, she went toward her, saying, "How do you do? Isn't it lovely here? Are you going my way?" When Miss Alden replied with some reserve that she was going north only as far as the end of the esplanade, Lulu picked up her basket and cordially started to accompany her. She had always lived in an atmosphere of un-exacting affection and admiration, and never having in her whole life been consciously disliked by anyone, she had now no idea but that Margaret Alden would be pleased with her presence. She naturally supposed that everybody liked her; she, for her part, liked everybody. She had absolutely no sense of disapproval and no idea that she was ever disapproved of.

Margaret Alden, on the other hand, had more

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sense of disapproval than of anything else, and now she disapproved of her companion for loitering on a public bridge, for her dress, her basket, her evident ignorance, and her gay, expansive smile. Beyond inquiring after Richard Elliot and his brother, and remarking, as she observed the city, that the smoke nuisance was worse every time she came on from Portsmouth, she said as little as possible while they walked on together.

She was relieved when, within a few minutes, Lulu turned off to go west and she was left to walk alone.

On the occasion of his next visit she mentioned to Richard Elliot that she had met his sister-in-law on the Lake Shore.

"Yes," he said. He continued, ruminatively, "*You met my sister-in-law,*" as though there had been something of uncommon significance in this.

While Margaret Alden was trying to understand him, he pursued, "My sister-in-law represents a large class of women. I wonder what that meeting meant to her—I wonder." "I could not have said," replied Miss Alden. "She—you will take my question well, I know—is she a woman who thinks much?"

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"No," said Richard Elliot, confidently.

"But why?"

"Why? Partly temperament, partly environment." This seemed to cover all possible ground.

"Past environment, perhaps," said Margaret Alden. "But what of the present? I have seen very little of your brother. I know he is not like you. But has he *no* intellectual interests?"

"My brother," said Richard Elliot, dropping his glance a little, "is not a thinker."

Margaret Alden looked slightly pained; then she said, with sympathetic pity: "But people who don't think—how much pleasure—how much joy in life they must miss."

"One of the saddest things in life is the people who don't think."

"How true that is," murmured Margaret Alden. "Do you know what a wonderful thing that was you said then?"

Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her, and continued: "And those people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate. What can we do for them? Talk a little to them, perhaps—write a little for them—that is all."

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"Yes, but that is a great deal. Every one cannot write a little," she suggested delicately.

Again Richard Elliot tried not to look as though he thoroughly agreed with her. "But they are problems," he continued. "My sister, now—what could reach her? What could make her wish to think?" Lulu had really never occurred to him as a problem before; but as he was having great fun talking in this line, he went on: "I wonder if your meeting was at all stimulating to her? It would be so interesting to know."

"I could hardly tell," said Margaret Alden.

"I should like to see her again."

"Perhaps you will," said Richard Elliot, a little lamely. The truth was that it was growing rather hard for him to think up, on the spur of the moment, oracular reflections on Lulu as a problem.

"I will go to see her," said Margaret Alden, beautifully. "If I can be stimulating to her, I will. As you say, it is all one can do for people who don't think—talk a little to them, at least, if we cannot write a little for them. I will go to her."

"This is like you," said Richard Elliot. Both for the moment felt uncommonly noble. They

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had certainly spent an evening delightful to both.

It was in consequence of her enjoyed dialogue with Richard Elliot that Margaret Alden rang the bell of Tom Elliot's first-floor flat on Dearborn Avenue one morning.

As she stepped into the vestibule she heard Lulu's voice, practising in the parlor :

*Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.*

Lulu came to the door, slightly flushed with the interest of her practising, and admitted Margaret Alden. Although a little surprised, she was pleased to see Margaret. She knew there was no very urgent reason for her coming; she felt the occasion a rather special one, and she began to devise entertainment for her guest. After she had shown her pictures of all the family and her own wedding photographs, and had talked a little with her on such indifferent topics as the weather and the street-car service, she asked Miss Alden whether she

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played and if she were not fond of music. When Margaret said she was, Lulu instantly offered to play and to sing for her. "What kind of music do you like best?"

"I enjoy any classic music," said Margaret, in the hope of being stimulating.

This gave, at least, a wide choice, and Lulu played one of the "*Songs without Words*."

Margaret was not really fond of music; she even slightly disapproved of it, except for the most cultured people. Further, she had not come to hear Lulu play or sing, nor for social enjoyment of any kind, but to be stimulating; and she now sat rather at a loss.

After Lulu had finished playing, she said she would sing. She was really proud of her gift. She had a good voice, a contralto, strong and sweet, and she loved singing. At home her family had always enjoyed hearing her; and after her marriage, Tom so liked her music that she worked over it even more than she had before.

She began now the accompaniment of what she had been practising when Margaret came in. It was a favorite of Tom's, less for itself than because he considered it exactly suited to Lulu, and really, in some sort, like her.

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Besides, while she read all her music with intelligence, this song she sang with an especial understanding and beauty :

*Every day fresh bread and meat
Gladly, thankfully, I eat ;
Juicy roast, and crumb and crust
Given me, a Child of Dust—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.*

*Crystal water every day
I may drink upon my way,
Fresh as dews of star-eyed Spring,
Cool as airs the light winds bring—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.*

*Every night the arms of sleep
Take me to a refuge deep,
Some far off and silent place
In the utmost caves of space—
Child of Dust though I may be,
Here is joy, is meant for me.*

*Though I still must strive and cry
For some lot more fine than I,
Some far crown of mist or gold,
Here are gifts of kindly mould,
Gifts to take on bended knee—
Joy I know is meant for me.*

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Lulu finished with the last chords of the accompaniment. She could not have sung anything different immediately afterward; and she now sat down by the window, looking almost affectionately at Margaret, she felt so happy herself, so admiring of the whole world. She knew that she had sung well, and she thought, with innocent vanity, that Margaret must be having a lovely morning listening to the music, though she was so very quiet.

Margaret, meanwhile, tried to think of something stimulating to say. Finally she observed: "What are you reading now?"

"Why, nothing just now."

"You don't read very much, do you? Mr. Elliot doesn't care much for reading, his brother says; so perhaps that accounts for it."

"Tom? Why, he loves to read! My father says he is a perfect bookworm. Tom is a literary man himself, you know. Didn't you know that? Oh, yes, he enjoys reading. Why, we laugh so sometimes over '*Fliegende Blätter*,' we almost cry. Do you take it?"

"No."

Lulu would have liked to bring out a copy

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of "*Fliegende Blätter*" and show Margaret a favorite jest of hers, a series of pictures of a dachshund turning into a sausage. She had a peculiar Teutonic sense of humor, consisting mainly in high spirits, and she had often laughed at this picture till tears stood in her eyes. But she perceived from Margaret's tone that her guest found nothing in "*Fliegende Blätter*," so she merely said, with sympathetic intent, "Many people do not care at all for reading. I myself am not so fond of it as Tom. Why, he has several books he has read twice—'*The Woman in White*' even three times."

Margaret tried harder than ever to think of something stimulating to say, and being quite unsuccessful, she now rose, observing that it was growing late and she must go.

"Must you? Well, I am glad you came. I will go over to see you soon."

"Thank you," said Margaret; and she went out of the room, considering the truth of Richard Elliot's saying, that the people who don't think are the very ones hardest to reach and to stimulate.

When she reached the corner, Lulu had already gone back to her singing. She pushed up the window a little farther, looking out

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at the lucent air and the lovely day, and watched Margaret Alden walking down the green and white sunny street. She wished Margaret could have stayed a little longer, but, after all, now she would have all the more time for practising on her song.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



BEAUTY & THE BEAST

A YOUNG Jewish girl, beautiful as the day, once lived with her eldest married sister near the north end of Lincoln Park.

Her four other sisters were all married, yet Bertha, though not the youngest and already nineteen, was still left blooming alone, with all her lovely companions, if not faded, at least gone to conduct the cheerful establishments of different affectionate young Jewish husbands in far parts of Chicago.

They were all prosperous — Flora Einstein, the sister with whom Bertha lived, was even rich; they all dressed gayly in bright clothes of the very latest fashions; they all had large families of good-looking, noisy children; and they all led happy lives of going around shopping and sewing together, and of taking the children to na-

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tatoriums and matinées and for street-car rides.

Bertha did these things too; and besides, as was suitable to her age and appearance, she went to club-parties, and received the calls of various young men, friends of the Einstein family, who, together with young girls and other young men, took her to theatres and band-concerts.

She had a completely amiable and gentle temperament, and she seemed to enjoy all these amusements, but, at the same time, it was plain that she did not find in them the zest her sisters had found.

The sisters were fondly concerned in her lack of interest. She was entirely contented, and they would not have cared, but that they feared she would never marry; however, she might yet have some affair, late in life, almost as happy as their own—there was Emma Metzler, she had married at twenty-two. Bertha's brother-in-law, himself a man deriving the highest enjoyment from social life, remarked, in domestic comment on the matter, that Bertha was "shy," and this seemed to account gracefully for everything.

All felt that for a quiet, sensible, shy girl like Bertha an autumnal affair would be a suitable

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thing, but they would have liked something gayer for her; especially since she was so pretty.

She was much more than pretty; she was lovely, with deep, tender, dark eyes, a clear, brown skin, with a soft, blushing color, and all the generous charms of Jewish beauty— heavy, rippling, dusky hair, beautiful shoulders and hands, a dignified gait, and a presence of veiled and vestal splendor.

Her sisters in all the dotage of affection could hardly have exaggerated her loveliness; but they greatly exaggerated her sense, and they had no remotest conception that the reason why she did not find so lively a pleasure as they in the society of Fritzie Gross and Max Baumhardt was not because she was quiet, sensible, or shy, but because she was extravagantly romantic.

Bertha was a very simple, gentle girl, with a strong taste for the serious and the sentimental, and no perception whatever of the actual or the funny.

When she was thirteen years old she had seen in a Christmas "*Graphic*" a copy of a painting called "*Her Answer*."

As its painter's intention was to "tell a story," perhaps the writer will not be thought intru-

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sive beyond the art of her narrative if she describe its subject. The print presented a fine young man in a velveteen jacket and hunting boots. He was sitting in a very dark, gleaming, baronial hall, on a chair of the rich carving and mellow tint of studio properties; his golden head and square shoulders were bowed on his arms, resting on a mahogany table; beside him lay a note, an excellent piece of still-life painting, with a blue crease across the middle, and written plainly in a graceful feminine hand upon it, the single word "No." Is it necessary to say that a St. Bernard of startling size, as large, perhaps, as a heifer, was licking his stricken master's hand, unnoticed?

From the moment when she saw this picture, it would have been forever impossible to Bertha to dream of marrying Fritzie Gross, Max Baumhardt, or any one else who might be a cheerful and affectionate companion in watering the grass, or buying new carpets, but certainly could be nothing more exhilarating to the fancy.

Directly across the street from the Einsteins lived a young American gentleman of good Southern family, named Nicholas Harris.

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He was a civil engineer, a short, wiry fellow, rather unusually plain, with small, gentle blue eyes, a long, thin head, and the mild, almost cowed, expression frequent in those who contend with trigonometrical propositions. He had been educated at first at the Manual Training School in Chicago, then at the Institute of Technology in Boston. His family had lived in Chicago, and then in Buffalo; it consisted of a father and two sisters.

The sisters, the Harris girls, were twins—able, active, executive persons with hosts of friends. They were always getting up amateur theatricals, always golf playing and bicycle riding; there was something almost business-like in their way of taking their pleasures, a certain healthy worldliness and liveliness, very different from anything their brother had.

His quietness and seriousness, in contrast with their gayety, was so marked as to be freely commented on; his sisters' friends said Nick was "such a plain, practical fellow"; he had plenty of hard common-sense; they liked him thoroughly, he was so good and honest; Nick's jokes were the mock of his sisters' lives; none could have been milder or less diverting; they proceeded from good-humor rather than from humor, and consisted mainly in very bad

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and obvious puns. And it was largely his jokes, but also his reputation as an able mathematician and his shameful habit at dancing parties of lurking on piazzas to smoke, and in corners with parents, that gave Nick the name of being a sober, solid, unromantic fellow.

When someone asked Kitty Harris if her brother ever read anything expressed by written words and not by signs or numbers, she said she wasn't sure Nick could read words easily; and from this, perhaps, it may be understood with what astonishment she would have learned that her brother's favorite book, far from being a mathematical treatise, was nothing other than a piece of fiction called "*Helen's Wooing*," nearly touched in Nick's regard by "*And So She Loved Him*," and "*The Heart of Ernest Ingleton, Lawyer*."

It was true that nothing could have been more serious than were these works, especially in the playful passages, where Ernest Ingleton, with a merry twinkle in his eye, prefaces his offer of marriage to the heroine by such a numbing quip as "And now I have come to plead my life's cause before the severest judge in all the world," and the beautiful Honoria Grant shakes her finger at him roguishly and

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replies, "Take care, sir. This is the last appeal."

After Nick went back to Chicago, and when he was no longer obliged to be playing a useful and dismal part as escort for lugubrious cotillions and golfing expeditions, he spent his evening hours, now truly the hours of his recreation, in reading over prized parts of all his favorite novels, and "*Helen's Wooing*," throughout, delighting in every word from the first chapter, "*The Young Squire's Birthday*," "At the rustic gate of the rector's house in Wiltshire, a young girl, simply dressed in gray, was standing holding in her hand a single white lily," up to the closing words, "'Little enough I thought, on my birthday a year ago,'" exclaimed Reginald, "'that to-day you would be mine.' And this, then, is the end of '*Helen's Wooing*.'"

When he was not reading, Nick used often to go to walk in Lincoln Park, not half a block away, sometimes to see the electric fountain playing, sometimes to hear the open-air concerts.

On one such evening, as he was standing under the shade of the park's poplar-trees, in the quivering purple shadows of the electric light, listening with a buzzing crowd to the rhyth-

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mic air of "*Lou, Lou, How I Love My Lou,*" his attention was attracted by a cross, sleepy, over-dressed little Jewish boy, about four years old, making a vicious attack on his legs, and sobbing angrily, "Wansh shee moosic." Nick picked him up, still making faces, and put him on his shoulder, interrupted by cries of:

"Why, Ikey!"

"Don't bother the gentleman, dear!"

"Did you ever?"

"Selma, look at Ikey, already," from a group of stout Jewesses in flowering hats and light silk dresses standing near him. As Nick raised his hat, an enormous, magnificent white Jew, with dark mustache and glittering eye, dressed in a pale-gray suit and a light, gay, rolling Fedora, came out from behind the ladies and advanced affably, with a sunny smile.

"Exshuse me. Vas my little boy in your vay, sir?"

The little boy kicked out at his father from Nick's bosom at this.

"I guess he's all right where he is," said Nick.

Fred Einstein immediately yielded to his son's evident wish to remain, and saying,

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"Don't let him pother you, sir," he retired with ponderous grace.

Nick held Ikey through "*Lou, Lou, How I Love My Lou,*" and the ensuing selections, during which the little boy fell asleep. After the last number Fred Einstein came forward, pushing a baby-buggy with one hand, and with the other, half carrying a sleepy little girl. "You are most kind, sir. Come, vake up, Skeesix." But Ikey slept on. "I'll carry him to the car for you," said Nick, with the kindly crowd manners of his sex.

Fred Einstein explained that they were not going to the car but "Just up the street." "That's all right," replied Nick, and he turned in with Fred Einstein behind the slowly moving figures of the Jewesses, walking with the dispersing crowd through the dappling shadows of electric light. They had gone some distance before Nick observed the grace of one a little taller than the rest.

Her sheer dress of purple floated and shimmered in the light summer wind as she stepped slowly forward; the coil of her dark hair shone against the drooping buds of her hat and the white folds of the lace scarf that wound about her throat and blew like a vine tendril around her shoulders. As Nick was

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gazing at her, rapt, she looked around and back again. The light glanced on her lovely head and hair, her dreaming face, her dusky eyes; and as she turned away she revealed to Nick his goddess.

He followed behind her, rapt; and when, on leaving Ikey at Fred Einstein's door-step, and on discovering that they were neighbors Fred urged him to "Make us a call," he diffidently, but instantly, accepted the invitation. He could not go back to his room at once; he started out to take a walk in the cool, late night; he wandered back to the park, and picked a fragrant honey-suckle from a vine her dress had brushed; and happy in this romantic indulgence, he turned home.

Meanwhile, Bertha, too, sat up late, looking dreamily out from her back window over the roof-tops of the still city; she remembered Nick's face, its gravity and refinement, qualities unaccustomed and dazzling, really heroic to her fancy; and she went to sleep, wondering to the last moment if she should ever see him again.

She had not long to wait. On the very next evening, Nick, with a bold foxiness that would have been staggering to his sisters, waited at the window until he had seen Fred

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Einstein, with his magnificent wife, sway down his front steps nonchalantly swinging a puffed satin opera-glass bag. He then hastened shamelessly across the street to ask for Mr. Einstein. His address was rewarded. Bertha met him at the door, and the evening was theirs.

After that, whenever he could see Bertha alone Nick saw her; he took her walking in the park; he sat on her high wooden front steps; twice he went to theatre-parties with the young family friends, affable to him as an acquaintance of Fred Einstein.

So their acquaintance had passed for nearly a year, when Nick was summoned to Buffalo, on business. Before he went Bertha had promised to marry him.

He felt he could wait no longer; partly because he saw plainly that from their difference of faith, the Einsteins had no thought of him as a serious devotee; partly because Ernest Ingleton, lawyer, had almost wrecked his life by delay.

Nick did not welcome his journey. For though he would instantly have sacrificed his life for Bertha, had it been required of him, it was with struggle and hesitation that he mentioned her existence to his sisters.

They were startled and embarrassed at first,

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when he suddenly produced Bertha's picture, and fiercely told them that he was going to be married next month.

They found something familiar in the expression of the photograph. They told each other after Nick was gone—in order not to hurt his feelings—that it looked like a little girl they had known in the private school where they had studied in Chicago, and whom they had regarded exclusively as comic, mainly because her social traditions were not precisely the same as theirs.

When they found Bertha Rinkleman was their former acquaintance, they were hurt and torn, by running against something they thought Nick's low tastes and vulgarity, and could not know to be their own hard limitations. They told each other that he could never be happy with any one so different; they treated the matter with quiet reserve when they were with him, and abysmal gloom when they were away from him; and finally they came to regard the whole affair as so incongruous as to be a roaring farce.

Bertha's family were in some respects gentler and more dignified than the Harris girls; and they behaved always to Bertha and to Nick as though their betrothal were perfect.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

However, they were far from content. First, on religious accounts; then, how could Bertha, who had been from childhood up accustomed to the society of good-looking, practical jokers, be happy with a man so sober and so plain as Nick? They did not say this to each other; but they thought it. The consideration even vaguely troubled Fred Einstein, in so far as one so little morbid as Fred could be troubled by something he was powerless to hinder; he thought, however, perhaps Nick, in his happiness, would blossom out into something like the gayety of a Fritzie Gross or Max Baumhardt; Fred even presented him with an enormous diamond stud, in the hope of brightening him up in appearance and in conduct. Mrs. Einstein and her sisters immediately began to buy and to prepare Bertha's trousseau; and in its selection and acquisition they became so absorbed that in a few days it would really have been indifferent to them if Nick had been a Chinaman or an Esquimau. They were finally satisfied with everything Bertha had to wear and beamingly proud of her appearance at her wedding.

Nick's sisters could not come out to the wedding, but his father came; and when he saw Bertha, her beauty, her dignity, her humble

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admiration of his son, even he, Colonel Jefferson Harris, felt that Nick's marriage might be a success.

This proved to be really the case. Bertha and Nick had been first attracted because each was different from anything the other had ever seen before ; after they were more accustomed to each other they remained ordinarily contented because they were both good and humble ; and more than ordinarily happy, because they had the same taste in sentiment.

TRADE WINDS

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TRADE WINDS

JOHN WOLLFE had spent all his life in the changes of trade in the neighborhood of Harrison and Halsted streets.

Here, after fifty years of industry, he had built up a small reef of a retail dry-goods store, where he lived with his family, a wife and six children.

His establishment was a three-story red-brick with a fifty-foot frontage. It had high plate-glass windows, a blue and white awning, and it was called "The Wolf Store"—a friendly pun, expressed by its sign, which had a gilded wolf walking out on a small platform over the awning, and by two iron wolves, one on each side of the street door.

Here Mr. Wollfe worked from early morning till late at night, making accounts, balancing books, selling over his counter, piling up rolls of cloth and boxes of ruching on his shelves, and arranging his windows attractively.

He was a small, thin man, pale, and always rather tired-looking, with gentle eyes, and a mild, smiling face. In the neighborhood Mr. Wollfe was regarded with respect, but

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with no liking or interest. It was thought, for no reason except a disapproval of his quietness and diffidence, that he was "close." Still, his store was very popular. He was a member of the West Side Business Men's Club and of a Merchants' Marching Club. He kept out of debt; his family were comfortably fed and dressed, and they had certain luxuries.

His front parlor over the store was richly furnished with plush chairs, and with a marble clock; the boys had wheels; and Mrs. Wollfe, an active, good-looking woman with high cheek-bones, a lively gossip, admired in the neighborhood, had a silk petticoat and many large brooches and pins, birthday and Christmas tokens.

Mr. Wollfe was not so humble nor so plain-minded himself but that he had his vanity. He was vain of the gay appearance of "The Wolf Store," of his position in the business world, and of his eldest daughter, Allie.

Allie was seventeen years old. She had soft brown hair, a few scattering freckles, and her father's gentle brown eyes. Her dimples were always coming and going. She changed color easily; and in spite of a life spent in serving the public in "The Wolf Store,"

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she was shy and rather self-conscious. She was always biting the corner of her lip, taking out her handkerchief, running her thumb round the edge of her belt, or pushing back an escaping lock of hair. She dressed very fashionably, for her father liked to give her gold belts, and link cuff-buttons, and tucked shirt-waists from the store.

Although Mrs. Wollfe and the younger children habitually snubbed him, Allie would consult her father's opinion, and respect his tastes. He sometimes found cities she had given up as hopeless on the history map; and she would appeal to him with "Father, what do you think of my new hat?" and "Father, I just *know* you won't like these shoes. They're too stumpy-looking to suit *you*."

Allie had done well in the public school; and she now went to a dancing class, and to a history class, in the settlement house near, where she showed herself a good scholar, taking just what was given her without too much probing, and going through the history class with the same executive ability and neat despatch that she evinced in the dancing class, and in tying up parcels in "The Wolf Store."

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She and Will, the eldest boy, both worked in the store. They enjoyed it. They liked giving souvenirs of little pasteboard plaques or aluminum match-safes, with a dollar's worth of purchase on Saturday nights. They liked to roll up parcels briskly, pulling string from an iron case, and tying it neatly before a watching customer; and Will showed the same pleasure in attitude and distinction of bearing that certain actors show in handing ladies off the stage, when he adroitly gathered up the folds of a piece of cloth to catch the light, and remarked, "*Here's a tasty thing in lawn, lady,*" as he raised his chin, and gazed delicately out of the window, in order not to embarrass the choice of the awed customer.

Allie, for her part, adopted a confidential tone with the public. She advised, and at the slightest approbation of her wares, praised with uncontrolled enthusiasm, exclaiming, "*Awfully stylish,*" and "*Yes, it is sweet, isn't it?*"

If "The Wolf Store" was delightful and satisfactory to Mr. Wollfe and his children, it was not faintly pleasing to a young gentleman, Mr. Henry Norris, who visited their establishment by chance one Saturday evening.

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He was walking home from a visit to a friend at the settlement house ; and he had been asked to stop on his way and leave word for Miss Wollfe that Mr. Norton was ill and could not conduct his history class.

As Henry Norris walked between the two iron wolves into the store, brilliantly lighted for the distribution of the Saturday evening souvenirs, he observed all the effort to attract the attention of the public, with a feeling of thorough disgust and contempt.

The windows were draped with red tissue-paper, and in one of them there was an elaborate tent of handkerchiefs. The souvenirs were all arranged in neat rows on a table near the door. Will was standing in a grand, clerkly attitude, holding up a piece of silk for a customer already arrived, though it was too early after supper for many people to have come in yet; and Allie was whisking around, in a new blue satin tie and belt, her eyes and cheeks shining with the excitement she always felt on Saturday nights.

Mr. Norris felt that here lay before him a picture of Commercialism, of the life of the petty tradesman, of greed, competition, and vulgarity. He disliked Commercialism, and

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often expressed a displeasure that it should exist; and he now walked with as much superiority and distinction as possible to the end of the store, and delivered his message as though he had been extending it at arm's length.

Mr. Wollfe, seeing his daughter in conversation with a stranger apparently not a customer, came forward with civility. His neat store, Allie's presence and prettiness, a successful day, all had combined to give him unusual self-confidence. Catching Mr. Norris's last words, and bowing to him cordially, he replied :

"Allie will be sorry to miss that class. But we'll be glad to have her here to help us to-night. We always have our hands full."

And he could not refrain from glancing contentedly around his establishment, nor from showing Mr. Norris the placard he had in his hand. He had bought it that morning at an advertiser's, and he believed it so apt and ingenious that it must appeal to anybody. Besides, the poor fellow was a gentleman, with no fear of injuring his social position by any friendliness, and he was feeling on that evening very hospitable and kindly. He turned the placard toward the proud glance of Mr.

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Norris, observing, "What do you think of that, sir?"

It was a white placard, with a sentence printed on it in large, purple letters:

WE SHOULD LIKE TO
C U B A
CUSTOMER OF OURS.

Mr. Norris's expression as he looked at this unambitious instance of the facetiousness of advertisers changed from a gaze of lofty indifference to one of an almost insulted disgust.

Allie was laughing and saying, "Well, that *is* pretty good. Do you see the point?" she went on, turning to Mr. Norris, as she noticed his silence, "See you be a—CUBA!"

"Yes—ah—good-evening," responded Mr. Norris inadequately, and he bowed himself away.

Mr. Wollfe was astounded and a little hurt by his indifference. He was easily dashed, and he had thought that anyone must like this elaborate jest.

But as soon as Mr. Norris's back was turned,

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Allie put her hand over her mouth to keep from bursting out laughing, and glanced at her father with happy eyes.

"My! He 'didn't see the point, after all!" she exclaimed. She gave her father an affectionate little push, and he began to laugh too.

"I'll run around, and see how it looks from the outside while you put it in the window," she continued, sympathetically; and she slipped out of the store.

Her reasons for running around outside were not, however, entirely unselfish. She had for some minutes been aware that a friend, a young livery-stable keeper, a Mr. McGarrigle, was standing expectantly on the corner.

Mr. McGarrigle stood on the corner almost every Saturday evening, indeed, in order that Allie might come to the door to pull up the awning, or slip a door-catch, and incidentally observe him, and exchange a few words with him.

He was twelve years older than Allie, a tall, stooping, sallow Irishman, with a long, somewhat humorous face, and a taste for the lounging, public life of livery-stables.

He was a good driver and card-player, and there was something masterly and impressive

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in his presence to the little boys in the neighborhood. They classed him with the policemen and the firemen of their acquaintance.

In his shirt-sleeves, with his Derby hat pushed far back on his head, strolling indifferently among the looming red vans and yellow-pictured moving-wagons of his dark warehouse, or smoking nonchalantly in his livery-stable office, Sam McGarrigle appeared to the little boys a man of scope, ease, and power.

On Sundays he sometimes took Allie driving, on these occasions always, indeed, producing on Allie the same effect as on the little boys.

When he drove two horses that she was afraid of with one hand, with the other resting on his knee, and joked about the history class and "The Wolf Store," Allie was so impressed with his gayety and ability, so pleased with his admiration of her, that she could think of nothing else.

The Wollfes had a very large sale on the night of Mr. Norris's visit; and when they finally began to close the store, Mr. McGarrigle, always full of resource and initiative, detained Allie at the door with a pasteboard bucket of ice-cream. He had carried it from

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a restaurant, and even remembered to borrow spoons.

He and Allie sat on the iron door-step of the empty street outside, and ate the ice-cream, while Mr. Wollfe and Will, content with the day's work, rolled up bales and arranged the store for Sunday within.

And so little impression had the visit of Mr. Norris made, so unconscious were they of their greed and squalor, that the evening was marked for them all with an especially careless and radiant happiness.

On the next evening Mr. Wollfe heard a piece of news that kept him awake all night. The grocery store opposite had failed. Its owner would dispose as soon as possible of its stock, and rent the house to a retail dry-goods merchant.

Within two weeks the new store was established. Not to be outdone by "The Wolf Store," it had a name, "The Castle of Commerce." It was practically a branch of one of the large department stores, and it could afford to undersell Mr. Wollfe.

Further, it offered to the neighborhood attractions that Mr. Wollfe had not sufficient address to introduce.

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On Saturday evenings a band played inside the "Castle of Commerce:" a dollar's worth drew a ticket for a lottery prize, a rocking-chair: once a woman with a patent buttonholer sat in the window for a day, punching and outlining buttonholes with dizzying speed; and on another occasion, an agent for indelible ink wrote people's names on their handkerchiefs free of charge, in a flourishing, shaded hand.

Mr. Wollfe's regular customers slipped away. In two months none were left except a few women, sorry for Allie and Mrs. Wollfe. As for the casual trade—that was entirely absorbed by the newer, larger "Castle of Commerce."

Mr. Wollfe barely managed to pay his taxes. He was already in debt for his family's living expenses; it was impossible, without ready money, to buy more stock, and there seemed to be no outlook, nothing but failure ahead. He continued pinning up unnoticed placards, following the market prices even when he could not think of buying, and balancing every night the short column of sales in his account-book. The only change observable in him was that, though he worked so much less, he looked more tired.

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His wife was anxious, not over him, but over their prosperity. She continually told him that they were losing money if he only knew it. Why didn't he do something? She was sure they would end in the poor-house. Will was contemptuous and morose, and Allie merely thought times were hard.

In the fall Mr. Wollfe's creditors came upon him. They would have been more lenient but for the common belief that he was "close," that he could pay, if he sufficiently wished.

His failure was an honorable one, and he paid every cent he owed. But when that was done he had nothing left. At his age he felt that it would be impossible for him to build up another such business. There seemed to be nothing for him to do.

He tried to get work without success. The family moved to another, poorer neighborhood. Will found a place in the "Castle of Commerce;" and they lived on his wages, and on credit, as well as they could.

Mrs. Wollfe was more contemptuous than ever; and sometimes in her hard silliness, and in thinking of what he might have done at the last to stave defeat from "The Wolf Store," Mr. Wollfe would have been miserable enough, if Allie had not been with him

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now all day in their idleness—and just what she had always been. She even induced him to go into her history class with her at the settlement house.

Mr. McGarrigle was away managing a livery stable in St. Jo through most of the summer and at the time of their misfortune. But on the first Sunday after his return, he drove around just as he had done before the failure, and Allie stepped into his high buggy, laughing and blushing, and waved her hand to her father at the window as they drove off, to the envy of the neighbors.

She and Sam McGarrigle had always come back at supper-time. But on that night it seemed as if they would never come.

It grew dark and late. The family went to bed, and only Mr. Wollfe sat up in the dark, bare little parlor, waiting for his daughter in unreasoning anxiety.

At ten o'clock someone knocked at the door. Mr. Wollfe opened it, and a policeman stepped gravely into the room.

“Did a Miss Alice Wollfe live here?”

“Yes.”

“Be ye her father?”

“Yes.”

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"Was she drivin' with a young gintleman this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wollfe, his eyes fixed on the policeman's face in an agony of impatience.

"Well, sir—" The policeman nerved himself, and dropped his eyes. "She was drowned in Humboldt Park, this afternoon—and the young gintleman."

Mr. Wollfe was too dazed to speak.

"What? how?" he managed to choke out.

"I saw them myself. The young gintleman was drivin' with a fine team of horses; and they come right along by the boat-house. The young gintleman says, 'It looks cool-like there, let's have a change,' he says. Just like that. The next I saw them was about half an hour later; they was on the lake, an' the gintleman was rowin'; an' a crowd of crazy fellows, showin' off, run into them. They come right up behind, crashin' into them. He turned quick-like, but he couldn't get away. Their boat turned over—and the young lady never come up. Her dress was caught in the boat."

Everything turned black before Mr. Wollfe.

"It can't be true," he managed to say.

It seemed to him he was dead himself, as he

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watched his wife and the children gathering around in shawls and night-gowns, and listening to the story. Everything was vague and strange to him. He helped Will calm Mrs. Wollfe, hardly knowing what he was saying. He soothed the children; and after he had taken them back to bed, he started out, numbed and purblind, with the officer, walking along streets his feet seemed scarcely to touch, stupefied with a truth that left his mind dark and groping.

"The gintleman was drowned trying to get her," the policeman said. "So soon as we tuk her out, we found her name in her pocket-handkerchief, and there wuz some there knew him. 'Why,' they says, 'it's Sam McGarrigle, Sam McGarrigle, none other,' so they fetched his brother from the North Side."

The policeman talked on, his voice sounding in the still, echoing street, as they walked between the long stretching lines of the gas-lamps, and past the silent houses rising around like things in a dream; and his speech was the only thing that touched poor Mr. Wollfe's staggering senses, or that kept him from facing alone an unspeakable blankness.

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Allie's death lent to the Wollfes' household a dignity it had not known before. In the midst of their bereavement, snubbing and hard words were profane and impossible to them, and they were all delicately respectful and gentle with each other. Allie's loveliness, her gayety, her warm and tender graces, so mysteriously vanished, were, after all, not quite gone.

Their loss brought them consideration in their new neighborhood. Women were friendly with Mrs. Wollfe; and all her family, though so much sadder, were somehow, and oddly, less miserable.

Mr. Wollfe felt gratefully his family's comforting tenderness, and all the kindness that never seems to fail bereavement, a kindness lovely, and yet very different from the only especial tenderness he had ever known.

Besides, his unaccustomed idleness, heavier than ever now, kept his days drifting past swiftly and vapidly in a stupefying blankness. He would walk for hours staring dully at the streets and at the passers-by, sometimes stopping on the corners, sometimes standing on the Halsted Street Viaduct, leaning on its rail, looking out over the wide prospect spreading before him.

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The sound of traffic hummed about him, whizzing electric car and lumbering van, the clap of horse-hoofs, the calling of men's voices, and the chuffing or the whistling of steam from the near waterways. Close beneath him spread a fan of railroad tracks, in long, white and gray glittering lines, interlacing in countless switches and crossings; the tarred and pebbled roof of a round-house stretched at one end of the lines. Above them, in the height of the air, blew twisting funnels of pearl and murky smoke, pennons of feathered blue and white waved in lofty steamers, and furling clouds of steam puffed buoyantly in swelling folds of lustrous cream and snow from the engine smoke-stacks. And east, and west, and north, and south, below pillaring chimney and piercing spire, the city roof-tops lay grimed and dusky in a myriad squares and gables above the peopled mart.

Here the prospect spread, vast and various, a place of lively transaction, of desperate endeavor and defeat, a proffer of an infinite opportunity.

As Mr. Wollfe stood one evening staring at the scene, unconsciously overwhelmed with the thought of his disaster among its million chances, unconsciously exhilarated by its

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generous scope and far outlook, he buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile, on the same evening, Mr. Henry Norris, too, was on the Halsted Street Viaduct. He was not interested in the view, regarding this merely as one of the dirtiest portions of the city. However, perhaps the scene, with all its variety, had its unrealized effect, and unconsciously diverted him from his customary consideration of the squalor of Commercialism, and of his own relative social position.

At least, when he saw Mr. Wollfe leaning on the rail with his face in his hands, he was stricken with a genuine sympathy. He went up to him and asked him, with a real concern, and with no thought of patronage, or even of benevolence, what was the matter.

Mr. Norris did not recognize Mr. Wollfe as the owner of "The Wolf Store," but Mr. Wollfe recognized Mr. Norris. The sight of him gave the householder a pang of reminiscent pride. He had scarcely heard the young man's words, but he perceived his friendly intention.

He shook hands with Mr. Norris. "You come from the settlement?" he said; and as Mr. Norris shook his head vaguely: "You came

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to my store one night from there. Don't you remember ? ”

“ Oh, yes—yes. I've heard Mr. Norton speak of your daughter. How is she ? How are all of you ? ”

The remembrance of Mr. Wollfe's desperate attitude, and some sad dignity in his face, made Mr. Norris ask this.

“ Why, didn't you know ? My daughter is dead. She was drowned. ”

Mr. Norris looked at him dumbly.

Mr. Wollfe had started up, and they walked along together.

After a time Mr. Norris asked him how his business was ; and they began speaking of the details of Mr. Wollfe's failure.

Instead of rejoicing that Mr. Wollfe had been driven by circumstances from a field of sordidness and greed, Mr. Norris asked him if he could not help him in finding a place. Indeed, his hatred of Commercialism did not come into his head at all at the time.

Afterward he really did find Mr. Wollfe a place as a buyer for one of the department stores, where his industry and ability brought him a very appreciative and grateful respect. As time passed, and he gained honor and profit, Mrs. Wollfe was soon spiritedly and

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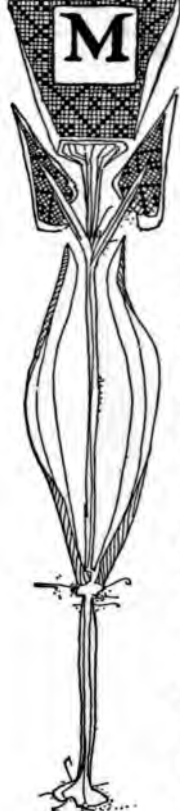
dressily superior among her neighbors again; and Will and the children held their heads high in the world in the possession of chainless wheels.

As for Mr. Wollfe, in his recovery of their pride and pleasures he found the happiness possible to a fine devotion.

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL



THE PEACOCK'S
TAIL



MAJOR PORTER, a simple and honorable gentleman, was among the vainest of his sex. He was a boyish old man, a little countrified, and very kind, who had been once a brave soldier, and always a good man.

It was not, however, on his courage or on his goodness that he chose to pride himself. He was perfectly satisfied with his legs; complacent over his skill at cards, remarking after any play of his, whether successful or not, "At any rate that was the play for a thousand"; and fatuous over his execrable cooking, telling long stories of his achievement with 'possums and squirrels, in famine-stricken camps or on hunting-parties.

Margaret Alden, his great-niece, was also among the

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vainest of her sex. She, however, did not pride herself on any advantage of personal appearance or of practical skill, but on her mind and her soul; and her vanity did not take the form of giving accounts of her own personal prowess, and of laughing delightedly over them, but of keeping a diary, and maintaining a beautiful and superior character, with some ostentation.

Major Porter was the only connection of Margaret Alden's not of Mayflower tradition. All his traditions were of Cook and Hennepin Counties, and of the G. A. R.; and when his great-niece visited friends of her mother in Chicago, she always dreaded having to go to spend a day or two with Uncle Dan.

This was inevitable. Major Porter liked all his relations. He always looked them up; and he never failed of going to see Margaret, and taking her back with him to his square red-brick house on North Clark Street, to visit her Aunt Fanny, her cousins, Mrs. Burden, Ben and his wife and child, and the boys.

He supposed, of course, she must be very fond of him and of all of them: he was fond of all his relations, without regard to age, sex, virtue, or parts; and there was in his warm family-faith some dignity that even the re-

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luctant Margaret had not temerity enough to shock. Though she would behave during her visit a little sulkily and condescendingly, she always nobly went home with him when he came for her.

It was on one of these visits that it became vaguely apparent to Major Porter that Margaret was not so gay as he liked to see "young people."

He supposed her homesick, and said as much to his daughter, Mrs. Burden. "Too bad mother and the boys aren't here," he said. "Seems to me the boys are always camping when their cousin comes. We ought to get up something for her, some little party. We could have a party for the young people to-night, couldn't we?"

Mrs. Burden looked at him coldly: she could see from the pleased expression of his eye, that it would be impossible to prevent her father from a party for the young people. She knew from his reminiscences what was in his mind—something not a dinner, not a ball, not a reception, not a musicale—a thing hours long, of games, dancing, blind-man's buff, boned turkey, and sixteen kinds of cake. This was in the morning, and all that day Major Porter spent in getting the party ready.

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Margaret was away. She had gone to lunch downtown with a governess passing through the city. "You can bring teacher back with you, you know, in the evening," said the major; "we want to have her in the party."

No fiddling notions of suitability in his viands or adaptability among his guests hampered the scope of Major Porter's plan.

He bought to eat what he liked, and invited what "young people" he liked.

With Sam and the cook he made provisions for obtaining boned chicken, veal loaf, cold ham, roasted corn—white and purple—beaten biscuit, peach cobbler, spiced currants, angel cake, lemon cake, walnut cake, fruit cake, ice cream, raspberry vinegar, and cider.

He invited to the party old man King's boy, Judge Ferris's boy, Judge Paine's boys, their cousins the Norrises, Alice Fotheringay, and Pearl's Sunday-school superintendent, "Shiloh" Shepard's boy, the Elliot boys, a young man from next door who often talked to the major over the fence while they both were sprinkling their lawns, Brother Bill's boys from Peru, Ill., who happened to be in town buying stock for the farm, and seven young men from the railroad office.

Richard Elliot could not come, nor any of

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the Norrises except Elsie; otherwise everyone who had been asked accepted.

At tea Major Porter gave an account of his preparations to Mrs. Burden coldly patient, his daughter-in-law bewildered, his son Ben sardonically diverted, Brother Bill's boys inadequate and sheepish, his grandchild Pearl ecstatic, Margaret's governess, Miss Lodge, gently amused—she had insisted on coming—and Margaret, for whose reassurance and cheer all these viands and guests were to assemble, superior and chill.

But Major Porter was so absorbed and pleased that he hardly observed Margaret. He had not the power of throwing himself far into the feelings of others. He supposed, of course, all young ladies liked to put on pink and blue dresses and dance at parties; and he was entirely confident she was happy: she looked very beautiful.

After the tea was over, the major could hardly wait for every one to come.

He kept walking down to the front gate to look for people. He somehow expected a great many young ladies with long curls to come floating and stepping down the street in light muslin and delaine dresses, wearing fascinators and "throws" over their heads, as

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in the days of his happy youth; and he was a little disappointed when only Elsie Norris and Alice Fotheringay came in a carriage, and without curls.

He was a little bewildered, too, at discovering that he had invited three young ladies, and twenty young gentlemen; he remembered a more even division, but it was too late to change that now; and he forgot all about it in his pleasure at every fresh arrival. Old man King's boy, his friend from next door, and Shiloh's boy—he thought them all splendid fellows.

He went around talking and laughing with them, and taking them up to Margaret and to the governess, a friendly, sympathetic New England lady, much gentler than her pupil. At last everybody was come, and Major Porter thought it time they had a little dancing. Miss Lodge played for the dancing. As Major Porter remembered, the young ladies had taken turns in playing, but now no one knew how except Miss Lodge, and she played almost all the evening.

Brother Bill's boys, the Sunday-school superintendent, and three of the young men from the railroad office could not dance; but these, especially the Sunday-school superintendent,

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came out strong in playing blind-man's-buff, and Jacob and Rachel.

The surprising thing was that everything went just as Major Porter had expected. Everybody seemed to like the games; everybody seemed to like the dancing; everybody ate a great deal; and everybody seemed to have a good time.

Mrs. Burden bore up. It appeared the skies would not crack, even though roasted corn were eaten at a dancing-party; however, such was her imagination of the peopled world, that she felt its dignity somehow impaired by the scene around her; and she expressed her sense of the occasion by an especially nipping manner with the young men from the railroad office.

Margaret Alden hardly swerved from her side; she had at first remained under the protecting presence of Miss Lodge, but as that lady showed herself more and more sympathetic with Uncle Dan's rough intentions, the young girl entrenched herself from the random hordes within Mrs. Burden's haughty chaperonage.

From here Charles Paine and Wallace Shepard occasionally led her out to the dance or the game; at the ramparts the man from next

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door and the Sunday-school superintendent held an occasional parley, while the young men from the office skulked on the outskirts, and cast now and then an unregarded, facetious remark.

As for Brother Bill's boys, these Margaret Alden could not permit to remotely touch her perception. A petrified, comatose expression passed over her features when one of them would hankily step across the room to join one of his brothers about Alice Fotheringay.

It seemed they and the young men from the office could not see too much of Alice Fotheringay, nor rally too much around her.

She was a very pretty and good-natured girl, blonde, with a high color like her cousins; she had exuberant spirits, and was always madly popular. Such was her imagination of the peopled world, that she felt it chiefly interesting and profitable in being well stocked with young men. In these she cared far more for quantity than for quality, and as there were a great many of the young men from the office, and, in a certain sense, a great deal to Brother Bill's boys, she had a splendid time. The party ended at a late hour; and when Alice Fotheringay and Elsie Norris parted

THE PEACOCK'S TAIL

reluctantly from the major, he thanked them for helping to make his evening a success.

They went home pleased, feeling that they had pleased Major Porter, and that they had done more delicately and generously than Mrs. Burden and Margaret Alden.

Charles Paine, too, was pleased, feeling that he, more than any one else at the party, had impressed Margaret Alden.

The other sons of Major Porter's friends also went home pleased, feeling that they had been rather uncommonly nice and sympathetic in helping along the major's festivities.

Brother Bill's boys, the Sunday-school superintendent, and the men from the office all were pleased, feeling that the major thought them all, in their respective lines, bright, rising young men.

Mrs. Burden, still patient and cold, was pleased, feeling that hers had been the most dignified and superior attitude of the evening. Margaret Alden was pleased, feeling the occasion, in some sort, a proof that she had not a trace of worldliness or frivolity in her nature; though no one could have said just why her behavior at her uncle's honest, democratic little dance should have given her this impression.

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Major Porter locked up his dark house after the music was still and all the candles out, pleased with everything. He considered he had certainly cheered up Margaret; he thought how pleasant it had all been; how lovely the young girls were, and how clever and manly the young men; and he could not help knowing that every one at the party liked him, and thought him a fine fellow.

In this manner, every one managed, in some sort, to shine. So in a world where it is to be hoped everybody likes a little admiration, the major's party was perhaps a fair success.

A QUESTION OF SERVICE



A QUESTION OF SERVICE



N the most crowded part of State Street is a beautiful candy-store.

It stands gay and glittering in the midst of all the hurrying and nervous anxiety of shoppers and of business men, and

it is just as gay and as glittering when the air is richly yellow with damp soft-coal smoke, when all the women's skirts are drabbed, and when everyone is either dragging despondently or hurrying distractedly, as it is when the walks look wide and clean, when the air blows free and cool from the lake, when the women have on white gloves, and every one seems to be taking a pleasant promenade.

It is decorated with pink and white stucco and silver, like a birthday cake or a paper-lace valentine; and it has a gleaming marble floor and dazzling mirrors, plainly visible from the outside through the broad, high win-

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dows. But all this pink and white, these bevelled glasses and lustrous floors, are only the shrine of what lies in long rows on the show-cases. This is sometimes balls of rich, smooth, black chocolate; sometimes twists of pale, creamy molasses; sometimes dignified columns of shining, striped crimson-and-white peppermint sticks; and sometimes chaste, snowy squares of opera-caramels, looking, doubtless, much as manna looked, but revealing to the taste the ethereal sweetness of the ambrosia of the ecstatic gods. Inside, of course, there are lavender, candied violet leaves and pink, candied rose-leaves, whose flavor is, doubtless, much like that of the pearl dissolved in wine; and which are probably bought only by people who choose their pleasures rather from a degenerate æsthetic ambition, than from a healthy, natural taste.

Amid the mingled fragrances of these condiments, and of nuts, raisins, and sugared almonds, move lightly and gracefully numbers of extremely pretty shop-girls; and of all these shop-girls the very prettiest was Annie O'Grady.

Annie O'Grady had the sunniest smile, the deepest dimples, the bluest eyes, the fluf-

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fiest brown hair, the most fairy-like figure, the whitest apron, and the pinkest shirt-waist.

Her days she spent in smilingly tying up boxes of candy, always hospitably handing out a piece to the customer before she closed the box; in tripping about with a tray of ice-cream soda-water; in allowing children to choose their purchases by tasting them; and in tactfully guiding men, doubting over offerings to young girls, into the judicious path of mixed chocolates.

Her evenings and her holidays she spent in the attendance of butchers' and grocers' picnics at Ogden's Grove; and of the Elks', the Foresters', and the firemen's balls, masquerades, and dancing-parties, at the numerous and pressing invitations of the happy young milkmen, floor-walkers, and firemen honored with her acquaintance and favor.

She lived with a married sister, to whom she gave almost all her wages, and of whose crowded Irish flat she was the light and joy; and justly, for she was so good that she used to take numbers of her little nieces and nephews with her when she went to walk in the park with Mr. Murphy or Mr. Sullivan, on Sundays.

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This, too, was not because she was apathetic to the charms of these gentlemen, for, indeed, Mr. Murphy, who was widely popular among his brother firemen and even in the social circles of the police, absorbed most of her reflections.

Mr. Murphy was a large, dark-blue Irishman, with very square shoulders and a very long waist. He had quick, gay blue eyes, a small top for his head, an enormous face, and a long upper lip, covered with a deep, black cataract of mustache. He used almost always to lead the grand march at the Elks' balls, and he often awarded the prizes for the wheelbarrow race, the three-legged race, and the fat man's race, at the picnics in Ogden's Grove. It was a grand sight to see him swooping down a room in a two-step, with a high-stepping, prancing gait, holding his partner's hand, lightly and proudly, between his finger and thumb; or cutting a pigeon-wing, after elegantly handing a partner back, in Allemande Left. Besides these material exterior advantages, he possessed the innate spiritual charm of good-nature; he used to lunge at and tickle the nieces and nephews, when they appeared, ready for the walk, instead of looking slightly sullen and morose,

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as Mr. Sullivan and Mr. O'Mara sometimes did.

Annie used to think with pleasure of his arrival whenever she had a new hat, or a new collar; and she felt an especial, even a proprietary, interest when she heard the fire-bells danging.

Indeed, on one of these occasions, she told a certain sympathetic lady among the customers that she had a cousin—this seemed more delicate—who was a fireman, and so, of course, she was worried to death whenever there was a fire.

This customer was an influential lady, a serene, kind, rich person, regarded as almost indispensable to civilization by many women and girls. She was able to persuade them to do almost anything, more, it must be acknowledged, by the dignity of her presence than by the power of her thought, which was of the most soothing and casual nature, and made no pretence of being convincing.

She used to come with her daughter's children, to buy candy for them; and on these occasions Annie would talk to her about her nieces and nephews; how her eldest niece had hair reaching below her waist; how they were all such perfect cut-ups; how on April Fool's

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day they made some chocolates with cotton batting inside, and gave them to a friend of hers—it had been Mr. Murphy; how they were just in mischief all the time; and how her youngest nephew took the prize at a baby show.

Mrs. La Grange, on her side, made appreciative monosyllabic replies. She was so pleased with Annie that she invited her to come to see her, and to bring her nephews and nieces to play with her daughter's children.

Accordingly, one Saturday afternoon, Annie started out with her little nieces and nephews to see Mrs. La Grange.

The day was so oppressively warm that the streets were empty and almost still; the grass of the empty lots was gray and parched, and the dust was thick on the roads and on the burning asphalt pavements; the few people they met had handkerchiefs tucked in their necks, and a man passing on a bicycle stopped and sat on the curbing to fan himself with a newspaper.

The children's arrangements of their turns under their aunt's new white satin parasol had just been fairly decided, and they were approaching the corner where the eldest child must give up her place, when there sounded

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on the heavy air the startling, hurrying clang of a fire-bell.

People put their heads out of the windows; they rushed from all sides; they looked north, and south, and east, and west; they peered up and down the cross streets: and then they saw and heard, far down the street, a rattling, glittering mass, the swept manes and headlong gait of galloping horses; and amidst smoke-clouds, and clanging, in a furious whirl of brass and scarlet, a leviathan fire-engine rolled past, reverberating. Two more engines rumbled fiercely behind, like chariots in a terrific chariot race, with enormous plunging horses, and helmeted firemen straining forward on the front seats. Little boys chased behind, through the stifling clouds of dust, stumbling and whistling and yelling in an ecstasy of excitement, and a hurrying crowd walked and ran in their wake.

In this crowd Annie and the children were swept, just as they were always swept when there was a fire in their neighborhood; but this time with an especial enthusiasm, for high up on the front of the jarring hook-and-ladder wagon that closed the procession, they saw Mr. Murphy. What was more

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remarkable, in all the crowd, and in his rushing passage, he had seen them, and touched his helmet, and smiled magnificently at them.

And it seemed only fitting when they reached the object of so rapid a chase, led by engines so glorious, that this should be a raging fire in a building so given up to it, that its square lines and flat front were seen wavering and almost hidden in clouds of black smoke, with sheets of flame rising from its roof and brilliant tongues darting from its lower windows.

But that impulse of excitement, which had drawn them to it as to an exhilarating spectacle, received a cold and dizzying shock when they saw standing on the doorstep of a house opposite a stocky, grim-faced old Irish woman, her face white and her lips working, straining her absorbed gaze at one of the windows of the stricken building, where a little group of factory girls was occasionally and dimly visible through the mists of the smoke.

The people in the crowd were making frantic and helpless gestures; they stretched out their arms to the girls; they called to them not to jump—to wait. The girls were quiet and

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clinging together, apparently in a panic of dumb and hopeless horror.

The engines were already playing, and the steam from the jets of water drew a thicker and thicker veil of white mist, occasionally blown aside by a light and rising wind, between the clamoring people below and the isolated girls above. The old woman pressed her hands against her head. "My Kitty! My Kitty!" she groaned monotonously over and over again.

They heard the jarring of the hooks and ladders through the chuffing steam and the murmuring crowd, and then in the blowing smoke they saw two men set the top of the ladder against the row of windows marking the floor next below that where the girls were. They could not put it higher, for the fire had curled up around the sill above, and evidently the smoke was becoming stifling there, for the girls put their heads farther out of the window.

They could see Mr. Murphy's long body hurrying up the ladder: he stood on the top rung and steadied himself with one hand on a projecting rain-pipe. The girls began to speak and to cling together then, and the old woman stopped moaning. He held out his right arm.

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"Just drop aisy," they could hear him call; the girl pressed closest to the window-casing got out and poised giddily on the sill. "Hang by your hands!" he shouted; she clambered down, hung, and dropped safe and plumb, caught in his arm.

The ladder trembled: the crowd yelled hoarsely: and the girl, dizzy and white, was helped down by the other fireman to the crowded sidewalk, where the old woman, her mother, stood, now in a paroxysm of joy, pressing her hands together, blessing the saints, blessing the firemen, with tears pouring down her cheeks.

When the last frantic girl was safe on the ground, Murphy turned around to the hurrahing, weeping people, and climbed down the ladder.

They shook his hand, some of them kissed it, they wept over him; they cheered for him, they carried him on their shoulders.

It cannot be said that Mr. Murphy knew so well how to behave on this occasion as he knew how to behave in distributing the prizes of the Elks, or in leading the grand march. He hung his head and even growled when the old women kissed his hand, and wished they wouldn't do it; and when he observed

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Kitty and her parent excitedly approaching him, he longed more than for anything else to be able to get out of their way.

But when he saw on the outskirts of the people pressing around him Annie and the little McGarrigles, laughing and crying, it occurred to him with thrilling conviction that this incident would give him a considerable pull over Mr. O'Mara and Mr. Sullivan. His hope was not vain.

"I'm afraid I won't see you any more in the candy-store," Annie said to Mrs. La Grange on the next day, over the counter.

Mrs. La Grange made a low, dignified sound, expressive of regret and inquiry.

"I ain't going to be here after the first of the month," continued Annie. "I'm going to be married. I'll be real sorry not to see you so often. I started to see you Saturday, but I didn't get there."

"I'm glad you didn't come," said Mrs. La Grange. It had, indeed, been the afternoon of her paper at the club.

"I got caught in that big fire. Did you see about it in the newspapers?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. La Grange. It was not a part of her Christian Science philosophy

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to acknowledge that flames might be painful, but she was sometimes startled into moments of sanity and inconsistency. "That brave fireman who caught the girls—I thought of your cousin at the time—I hope he wasn't in it."

Annie looked down at the candy-box she was filling; the tears crowded to her eyes.

"That was him," she said.

Mrs. La Grange's heart beat with sympathetic pride. "Why, Annie!" she said.

"It's him I'm going to marry, too," said Annie, glancing daintily about the shop with shining eyes.

"He certainly deserves to be made happy," said Mrs. La Grange. "And you, Annie, you know how much I hope you will be happy, dear child."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Annie, with humble confidence. "He's lots too good for me."

Meanwhile, two young girls, admirers of Mrs. La Grange, had come up from the end of the store.

"I've felt proud of being a Chicagoan ever since yesterday," said one.

"Yes, indeed," said the other. They were referring to Mrs. La Grange's paper.

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But Mrs. La Grange's head was so full of fire that she honestly misunderstood them; she was absorbed in the sense of something finer, more helpful toward progress than any paper she had ever dreamed. "Yes," she answered, "I don't see how anything could be more inspiring than such a perfect and humble courage."

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS



MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS



IN the northwestern part of Chicago, not far east of the river, in a place of silent streets and empty lots, stand several large frame houses with picket fences, built before the fire. Tall poplar and cotton-wood trees hang clouds of pale, glimmering foliage over the wooden sidewalks. An occasional electric-car, with one or two passengers, shrills past under the rustling shade; and cows are sometimes pastured on the frequent brown lots.

In one of the houses of this place lived two American gentlemen,

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different as the poles: Judge Amos Parker and Mr. Paul Haviland. Judge Parker, the house-owner, an old settler, was a plain man, the father of a large family.

His wife had died when the children were little. His sons were gone into business in distant towns; and his daughters, combining piety and flirtation in a neighboring church, had sported actively through their respective courtships till they were all married and gone, and their father was left alone with Edna, the servant-girl, and Nick, her brother, who had accompanied the family when they moved from Indiana forty years ago.

Judge Parker was a ponderous, calm, easy-going man, of tremendous legal information, with a long, white face, and almost no nerves. He scarcely perceived the loneliness of his remote house, and he did not miss his family too sensitively, as when they were with him, he had been only very slightly acquainted with them.

His taste was not for men as individuals, but in bulk. He loved the public and public life; and he would have preferred almost any discomfort out-of-doors, or in a hall, to sitting in a parlor through an evening.

The judge could not for an instant bear ex-

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clusive society; indeed, the only moment when he experienced uneasiness was when he was forced into the presence of a group of people selected by a delicate social tact, instead of by the rude hand of chance, or political organization; if he had no lecture, no Republican rally, or G. A. R. meeting to attend, he would go out and sit on the fence of his grass-plot to smoke, and to talk to Nick or to any casual loafer.

Paul Haviland, on the other hand, enjoyed almost no society but that of his betrothed mistress, Margaret Alden, and a literary friend, Richard Elliott.

He read law for three winters, in the law-office of Judge Parker's former law firm. It was during this time that he lived with the judge, to avoid, he said, the grime and sordidness of the city; and in the evenings, while the judge was off with the public, in the grime and the sordidness, he sat in the old Parker house, and wrote long, introspective letters to Margaret Alden, and composed verses called "*Retrospect*," "*Circumstances*," or "*If*," which gave its name to his volume of collected verse.

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IF

If I had known—Bah—there it is!
What does it matter now?
Yet this pressed spray of clematis,
Again reminds me how—
But never mind. It's gone and past—
What does it matter—now?

Had you but spoke—or I not stayed
There on the lawn with her
This clematis had been—I wis—
A different messenger.
Perhaps—Heigh ho! The play is done—
And you in Peshawur.

If they had told me what was true,
Or I had eyes to see—
Ernest been gone—or it been you
There on the lawn with me—
Bah, what's the odds? Or Rose or Rue—
What is the odds to me?

Richard Elliott wrote a preface, almost entirely of margins, for the book, commenting favorably on the restraint, suggestiveness, and perfect good-breeding of Mr. Haviland's lines; and Paul had great fun, in his own way, in writing them, in the evenings; while

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the judge had great fun, in his own way, in seconding motions and introducing speakers, in long, heavy addresses, at political clubs. It was a curious circumstance of Paul's art, that while he himself was of a very sensitive and impressionable nature, the attitude he chose to assume in his verse—one described by Richard Elliott, in a magazine article, on "*Haviland and Indifferentism*"—was exactly Judge Parker's attitude; and that gentleman might have asked, with far more sincerity:

Bah—what's the odds—or Rose or Rue—
What is the odds to me?

In the spring of Paul Haviland's stay at the old Parker house, Margaret Alden came to visit in Chicago; and at the time of her visit she and her lover passed through a long period of mental suffering.

Their trouble arose on the day of a heavy spring rain; they were to have met at the Art Institute, and Paul Haviland, supposing that Margaret Alden would not keep her tryst in the worst storm of the year, had not kept his.

He was overwhelmed with contrition at his mistake, when he visited her in the evening. But when he said, "It never occurred to me

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that you would be there," and she replied, "Where there is a question I always do the more strenuous thing," he was wounded. He disliked being less strenuous than any one, even than Margaret Alden. He did not enjoy himself in her presence as he ordinarily did, and he began thinking that the first beauty of their feeling had vanished, and writing verses called "*The Last Treasure*," "*Ashes*," and "*Disillusionment*."

Meanwhile Margaret wrote in her diary:

"April Fourteenth.

Paul was here to-day, but not the Paul of yesterday. Something is gone between us—just what I cannot say—but something.

He has, of course, failed me, and can never be again to me what he was before his inconsideration of to-day.

Do I really love him, when I cannot any longer perfectly admire him? Must question myself further on this point.

It is true—I am disillusioned, but I feel it more dignified, on the whole, to keep our relations as they have always been. The world need not know.

This is not sincere, of course; and I am disturbed and in doubt."

Paul Haviland, too, was disturbed and in doubt; and it was while he was in this mood

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that he went one morning to the law-office and found with astonishment that a blow had fallen on Judge Parker.

He had been responsible for a brother living in Wisconsin, a bank cashier, who, after a long probity, had absconded with the bank funds, leaving behind enough debts to ruin the judge.

The men in the office said that if such a thing had to happen to some one, it might as well happen to Judge Parker, as he never took anything hard.

Paul felt the incident an instance of the injustice of life, already symbolized to him in his own wrongs. He mentioned his friend's disaster to Margaret in the evening, considering it an episode in keeping with the melancholy tone of their meeting; but they touched on it very lightly, being still far too occupied with their own delicate but profound temperamental and moral problems.

However, when Paul went home at night and saw the judge sitting on the front steps, with his hat on the back of his head, talking to Nick as he had before his house was disgraced and his fortunes ruined, he felt among his own trials a sense of sympathy for a fellow-sufferer.

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As he passed, he touched the judge's coat-sleeve lightly, as a subtle sign of regret; but his intention was evidently quite imperceptible to the judge, for the next morning at breakfast, he observed ruminatively, with an air of intelligent, judicial interest, "Well, Paul, d' you hear about Brother Will?"

Paul stared at his plate, and then said delicately, "In life, we cannot always account for everything."

"That's what the bank directors think," returned the judge, jocosely. "Well, it's a queer thing, a mighty queer thing. I knew a man did something like that here—and, come to think of it, he resembled Brother Will a little, too."

This was the only allusion the judge made to the matter. Everything in the old Parker house remained as it was before Brother Will's lapse. The judge had never lived extravagantly. He was not obliged to change in any respect his domestic or social customs: and, indeed, ten years afterward, when Margaret and Paul Haviland still remembered with some resentment the wrongs of their appointment at the Art Institute, the judge's ruin had been nearly forgotten by every one, including himself.

QUEEN FOR A DAY



QUEEN FOR A DAY



WHEN Otilie Wolfgang was sixteen years old and blooming with gayety and high spirits, she lived with her father, her step-mother, and a large family of step-brothers and sisters in a gray cement house on La Salle Avenue near the river. She was the flower of her family; so that when an aunt, living in Batavia, a large manufacturing town of Missouri, asked that two of her brother's children be sent to visit her, Otilie was the first selected for that pleasure. Walter, the noisiest and thus regarded as the brightest among the little step-brothers, accompanied her at the special request of the aunt, who had been charmed by his lively habits of strutting and squirming and of puffing and tooting through his

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fat lips. The aunt was a timid and superstitious German lady; she could not speak a word of English; she kept no servant for fear of collusion with burglars; and she led a life of naps, of locking windows, and making lace, in a small, hot, one-story house, with no grass-plot in front, and behind only a little bare back-yard with a summer-house overgrown by a coarse, feathery, cucumber vine.

Here was a disheartening change for Otilie; for her father was a prosperous brewer, who kept a house of generous comfort and gayety, with a back-yard full of flowers, a concert grand piano, a wine-cellar, and a high, white German stove, where Otilie baked all the family bread, and sprinkled it with poppy seeds.

Besides, she missed the whole thronged and various city, its proud, straight-lined buildings, its green shining parks and its beating music, all very far from the dingy back-yard facing on the alley where she now sat nearly all day.

There was really nothing else for the poor child to do. Walter played and showed off all day with new-found little friends next door. She had mended all her aunt's clothes when she first came; she did all the housework; but

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to her quickness and vigor this occupied only a very little time; she longed to go out walking and seeing the sights of the pavement, but her aunt was too fearful of kidnappers and abductors to permit of this; she tried to read "*Nathan Der Weise*," the only book in the house; but this was more of a task to her than a pleasure, so she used to sit in the summer-house with her book open in her lap and watch the backs of the rows of houses on the next street.

This street was much more pretentious than the one where her aunt lived, and few of its people seemed to stay in the backs of their houses. One room, however, was frequented in the morning by a thin, dark, young man with a low collar and a puffing head of hair, who used sometimes to sit in his window and read excitedly and sometimes to practise on the flute.

He had a piano; and occasionally he would amuse himself by picking out popular airs on its keys with one finger.

When he did this, Otilie always accompanied him softly with her voice.

He spent some endeavor on "*Die Lorelei*." He did not know it all, and when he had come to the end of his memory, he would

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wait for a moment and finish conventionally. Once he waited for several beats, and Otilie's voice was left rising conspicuously alone. The young man evidently heard it, for he played correctly as far as Otilie had sung; and then waited. Otilie sang to the end of the song; the young man followed her as far as he caught the notes, and then waited again. Otilie sang again; and by degrees the young man learned all the song.

When he had finished he came to the window and looked out into the aunt's back yard. But the cucumber vines prevented him from seeing into the summer-house, anything but the light folds of Otilie's fresh pink gingham dress.

On the next morning Otilie heard him playing "*Die Lorelei*" again; and again she slipped out into the summer-house and had a lovely time singing with him.

He could not see her; but he prostrated himself from his window, and flung over the fence a bunch of sweet peas and forget-me-nots, such as one sees in the morning, standing with dewy cabbage leaves and earthy beets on the market stalls of Batavia.

Tied to his bouquet with a small green ribbon was an embossed card with purple and

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gilt edges, and "*Die Lorelei*" printed in script and signed at the bottom in a flowing German hand, "From Sigurd Bhaer."

Ottilie came out of the summer-house, her pink gingham rustling coolly in the silence of the alley, her smooth yellow braids glancing in the sunlight. She picked up the bouquet, smiled radiantly at the young man, and went back again to the summer-house and the singing. After this she came regularly every morning. A week had passed since the bouquet was thrown, when one evening the postman brought a letter.

This in itself was unusual, for the Wolfgangs followed the habit of genius in writing only under the sway of some excitement; the letter, however, was not from the Wolfgangs, but an invitation from the Batavian Knights of Revel.

It was round, with scrolled crimson edges; when one unfolded its intricate creases, through a labyrinth of silver and blue curtains with many cords, and through a long procession of horsemen on abruptly curveting steeds, one found on the banner carried by the last knight of the rout an invitation from the King of Commerce to his ball and his tilting tournament in Batavia.

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It seemed that every fall there was in the town a series of amusements managed by the Knights of Revel, an organization of business men and of other public-spirited citizens; there was a labor parade, a base-ball game, a field day with sack racing and hammer throwing, a road race, a tilting tournament, and a ball.

The aunt said, instantly, on giving this information, that she never visited any of these amusements; they were all attended by crowds interspersed, of course, with pickpockets; or else they were at night; and the aunt went to bed at seven o'clock.

When Walter had heard her words through, as he held the invitation, he flew into a frightful tantrum; he stamped on the floor, screamed until he was purple in the face, sobbed till it seemed that he could never get his breath again, and butted his head furiously at his wretched aunt, until she promised that at least they could all go to the tilting tournament; that was in the daytime, and quite orderly, as it was attended only by invited guests.

After breakfast was over, Otilie went upstairs and put on her best white dress and her leg-horn hat, to see how they would look for the tilting tournament. She was pleased with the

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cool snowy folds of the muslin frosted with lace and insertion; and with the sharp shading edges of her leghorn hat, wreathed with bright pink roses and blue cornflowers. She wished that the donor of her bouquet might see her in all her best and her freshest; perhaps he would be at the tilting tournament; her heart leaped high at the thought; and she sang through the house all day.

When the afternoon of the tournament came the aunt put on her heaviest mourning—she always wore her mourning for best. Walter was extremely dapper in a frilled shirt, a richly plaided tie, a cane, and a juvenile derby. As for Otilie, she looked like a blooming rose. The aunt started them very early so that they might have good seats, and indeed, in the tent put up for the entertainment on the race-track ground, they had places on the front row. In the relief ensuing after her perilous passage of the crowded corners and street crossings, the aunt answered Walter's questions about the tilting with more than her ordinary coherence and calm.

She said that young men dressed as knights rode around the circuit carrying long poles. As they trotted past they tried to catch on

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these the rings hanging from a horizontal bar at one side of the circuit. Whoever got the most rings on his pole received a wreath of roses, and with this he crowned her he chose as Queen of the Revels.

The crowd assembled on the resonant boards under the white billowing tent fragrant with yellow sawdust; the place was peopled and the trumpet had called for the opening of the tournament while Otilie had looked up all the rows of seats in vain.

She turned to watch the knights as they rode in; there were perhaps twenty of them, all young, picturesquely dressed, and decently mounted, with the air rather of masqueraders than of knights.

Among these was a young man with a very heavy plume, dressed in a black velvet costume, rather too large, and riding a stout, gray cob, evidently a carriage-horse.

Some one behind the Wolfgangs remarked that she guessed that man in black velvet wouldn't have to choose any queen, and her comment attracted Otilie's attention to him; she had nearly started with excitement; it was Sigurd Bhaer.

Otilie was breathless with suspense and exhilaration when he trotted by, and tilted his

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pole; and when he got six rings more than any one else and was loudly applauded, she could hardly lift her eyes for pride.

As he rode around the ring in the second turn—for all the knights had three turns—he continually cast searching glances among the audience.

Walter waved his cane jubilantly in the air. It arrested the young man's attention, and his glance fell on Otilie. She was too confused to smile, or even to meet his happy look of admiration. She glanced radiantly away, and when she could look back again, he had ridden past: but she was certain he had known her.

He turned his pole nervously the second time, and came off with only one more ring than he had before. This put him behind two of the other players; but the third time he aimed well, and amid applause reached four more than any one else.

The trumpet sounded for the end of the contest: the knights all rode around again past the pole: and as the champion went by, the King of Commerce handed him a wreath of roses. The band played "*Hail to the Chief Who in Triumph Advances:*" the audience cheered: and there was a breathless pause.

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The victor turned his horse's head and trotted clumsily across the circuit to where Ottilie was sitting between the aunt and Walter. He dismounted a little heavily, and said, nervously, "I want to give you this."

Ottilie took off her hat, and he laid the wreath on her yellow braids above her mantling face and sparkling eyes.

Everybody applauded: Ottilie wondered what she ought to say to the young man: as for the aunt, it was lucky that her senses were all somewhat purblind, and in a haze of bewilderment, or else she would have been dazzled to prostration. Walter alone remained self-possessed amidst these honors.

"Might I come back and bring a carriage to take you home?" said the young man. The aunt answered him hurriedly, in German, which he seemed to understand, and he led his horse away behind the curtain.

In a few minutes he returned, looking much more familiar in his low collar and ill-fitting citizen's dress.

He marshalled Walter and the aunt, now in a state of hen-like perturbation, before him; took Ottilie's hat, gave her his arm, and conducted her, rose-crowned, blushing, and radiant, out between the lines of the impressed

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audience to a livery hack, waiting at the curb. In the carriage the atmosphere became much less charged. The young man talked of Batavia, and how attached to the place he had become, though he had lived there only a few years.

He drove them to a little beer-garden, where they sat at a green-painted table and ate supper, and drank each other's healths among maple-trees and tubbed oleanders.

It grew dark early: the aunt went to sleep, and Walter amused himself with some white mice hanging in a cage from the beer-garden lattice. Young men and girls began to come in and order lemonade and foaming beer, and promenade in the lamp-lit shade of the place, casting occasional admiring glances at Otilie and whispering how she was Queen of the Revels. A harp and two violins in the pavilion played "*The Beautiful Blue Danube*" waltz and Schubert's "*Serenade*;" and Otilie and Sigurd were very happy.

On the next evening he went to the Wolfgang's house. The aunt and Walter were gone to bed; and Otilie answered his ring with a beating heart.

She put out her hand toward him, a little

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startled when she saw him at the door, though she had been expecting him all day. He took it and kissed it; and before either of them knew exactly how it happened, he was telling her how he had loved her from the first minute he saw her.

Sigurd went back to Chicago with Otilie and Walter, when they returned. He talked with Mr. Wolfgang about the brewing business, and smoked with him in his back yard, while Otilie sat beside them stitching linen for her dower-chest.

Mr. Wolfgang was not at all willing his daughter should go so far away as Batavia to live. But he liked Sigurd, and he was content Otilie should marry if she remained in Chicago.

He helped Sigurd find a position there in a theatre-orchestra; and within a year Otilie was married to him, and went to live in a flat on North Clark Street.

Here she enjoys in her marriage a very lovely happiness; but the gayest pride of her life will always be that she was crowned Queen of the Revels in the Tilting Tournament at Batavia.

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EVERY Sunday there used to come to Mrs. Norris's house, on Dearborn Avenue, an acquaintance of her youth, now an old family friend.

This lady had known Mrs. Norris slightly as a bride in Detroit, and their connection had continued more through Mrs. Norris's hospitable traditions and through Mrs. Holly's amenity than through any marked congeniality.

Mrs. Holly was a stout lady with a pink face, and a frank, innocent, false front of frizzly brown hair, pointing down between her good-

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natured blue eyes. She dressed in purple or black satin waists, the background for much old-fashioned jewelry, amethyst pins, and drooping chains banded by little sliding clasps. Mrs. Holly was short of breath, laughed to excess, waddled in walking, and always brought with her on Sundays a pug dog, Ada, loved by no one but her mistress.

Ada was asthmatic and difficult, forever barking at visitors, forever begging drinks of water, and forever scratching at the door—if she were left outside, to be admitted to the house; and if she were kept inside, to go out on the porch and snap at passing children.

Mr. Henry Norris often considered Mrs. Holly's pet a heavy household burden; and, indeed, all the Norrises wearied of procuring her drinks and of opening the door for her. Mrs. Holly, on the other hand, would smile fondly when she heard Ada scratching at the door, and remark, "Ada's s' cute about that. She knows just as well as a person when sh' wants in."

Ada was Mrs. Holly's only domestic companion. The lady lived in a dingy family hotel on Clark Street, near the bridge, among eating-houses and in the close neighborhood of noisy railroad trains. Here Mrs. Holly had

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always stayed in the lifetime of her husband, a cross, exacting little person; and here she continued to stay after his death, in rooms furnished with plush and cane chairs, a case of stuffed birds, a red cushion for Ada, and a piano of jangled strings and yellow keys. On the walls hung romantic pictures, "*The Sailor's Return*" and "*At the Stile*," draped with satin scarfs or with silk bags pendent from their upper corners.

Mrs. Holly always carried one of these silk bags when she came up on Sundays. In it she would bring dog-biscuit and sugar for Ada, her carfare, and occasionally a paper novel. "I brought up a good book for Harry," she would say. "I know he's s' fond of reading. Here 'tis, Harry; I know you'll like it. It's the prettiest story I've seen in a long time"; and she would bestow on the silent Henry "*Walter Wingate's Sweetheart*," or "*Was He in Love with His Wife?*"

Not only was the unfortunate young man obliged to accept Mrs. Holly's loans of fiction with calm and to refrain from shooting Ada, but also to tolerate his sister Elsie's warm attachment to the unworthy Mrs. Holly.

There was in the old lady something good and simple that Elsie admired and liked.

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When she was a child and sat on Mrs. Holly's lap and slid the clasps of her chains, Elsie had once been allowed, after urgent request, to spend a day at "The Wilson House," and at that time she and Mrs. Holly had formed a lasting friendship of the highest pleasure to both.

Mrs. Holly, so to speak, encouraged Elsie, and Elsie encouraged Mrs. Holly. As an old and faithful guest Mrs. Holly was highly esteemed at "The Wilson House." Bell-boys dashed about fleetly for her. Waitresses brought her individual dishes and indulged her young visiting friend in a lavish caprice of selection from the bill of fare. The elevator boy took Mrs. Holly and her guest for rides up and down in the elevator, and the bell-boy would come into Mrs. Holly's room in the afternoon to play for them on his harmonica and to show them his white mice and a ship tattooed on his arm.

After Elsie was older, when she had become somewhat sated with elevator riding, the white mice had long been dead, and the bell-boy, now the bookkeeper, though still a friend, had grown too old and proud to play on the harmonica and show his tattooing to visiting ladies, she would amuse herself by reading

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from Mrs. Holly's large stores of paper novels, "*Was He in Love with His Wife?*" and "*Lady Lindon's Secret.*" Mrs. Holly played "*The Battle of Waterloo*" on the piano for her, and sometimes she sang in a high, queer voice, quite unlike her speaking voice, "*Rosalie, the Prairie-flower,*" "*Jamie's on the Stormy Sea,*" and a glum song about "Death has wed the little beauty, Bella Brandon, and she sleeps 'neath the old arbor-tree."

Often Mrs. Holly would take Elsie downtown to assist in shopping and to give her soda water. And for these trips the hostess would make a long preparation. She would fill her bag with lists and tie a heavy, black wool veil around the edge of her bonnet. Elsie was always afraid she would thoughtlessly pull it down over her eyes and be totally blinded to the outer world. Then she would, after ten minutes' twisting and investigation, manage to put some change for carfare into a small brown Mexican puzzle-purse. Nothing so very harmless in appearance ever excited a more passionate hatred than did this innocent puzzle-purse on the street-car lines of Chicago. Mrs. Holly would sometimes pull every one of its thirty little brown flaps before she found the right one. The conductor, pa-

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tient, even diverted, through the first ten or twelve, would finally almost grit his teeth with despair. Misguided ladies would kindly offer their help, unaware that success with Mrs. Holly's demoniac purse could be attained not by intelligence, but only by chance; and when finally the thing flew open, a faint sigh of relief and a sense of rest after labor would be perceptible throughout the car.

"I always think I won't take it," Mrs. Holly would say to Elsie, "an' then it seems s' handy."

Hardly would the carfare have been paid when Mrs. Holly would exclaim, "Elsie, do you think the conductor will remember t' stop at Madison? I told him once, but I'm afraid he's forgotten."

"Oh, I think he'll remember."

"I wish you'd run out an' tell him just once more to be sure an' stop at Madison."

Elsie would go to the platform and pretend she was looking at the numbers on the street, but even after being reassured in this manner, Mrs. Holly, as the car approached Randolph Street, would start up, wave her handkerchief at the unfortunate conductor and scream excitedly, "Sir! Sir! Please to stop! Stop here, please!"

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The conductor would hastily ring the bell, while Elsie would hurriedly remark, "No, no; you don't want to get off for blocks yet, not till we get around the curve."

"Why, yes, I remember now. Never mind, sir; but thank you—thank you just as much," she would say, nodding and smiling reassuringly at the bewildered conductor.

It was in order to guide Mrs. Holly downtown on one of her flurried trips that Elsie went one afternoon to "The Wilson House." There was a mild drizzle of rain, and Mrs. Holly said they would better not go "into the city" that day. "We'll just have a nice little visit here. I'm s' scared of the thunderstorms and cyclones. How's your mother, dear?"

"Very well, thanks, Mrs. Holly."

"Well, that's nice. Sh' notices it s' much when she's pulled down. Now, I'm s' full of mischief, y' know, it sort of keeps me up."

Mrs. Holly smiled her guileless, almost cherubic, smile.

"I s'pose, now, you want me t' play you 'The Battle of Waterloo.' I never saw such a girl. Well—I don't know if I will t' day."

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"Why, Mrs. Holly! this is so sudden. After all these years you're not going to give up——"

"I was just tryin' t' tease you a little, honey," said Mrs. Holly, playfully. She sat down at the piano, smoothed her skirts a little, and went through "*The Battle of Waterloo*," cannon, reveille, and all. Ada barked loudly from beginning to end. "You used t' like the cannon and the horn when you was a little thing, didn't you?" she said.

"Yes. It's so cheerful, and so much seems to happen."

Mrs. Holly sat down in one of the cane rocking-chairs and began to rock gently, pushing herself with both feet. "It used t' annoy Mr. Holly t' have Ada bark while I was playing and singing, 'specially if the cars happened t' pass at the same time. Do you know, that piece always makes me think of Mr. Allerton."

"Did I ever see Mr. Allerton?"

"No, my dear, he was dead an' gone before you ever peeped. But you know the place where the '*Marseillaise*' comes in in th' '*Battle of Waterloo*'?"

"Yes."

"That portion he said he thought was s' pa-

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thetic, s'ggestin' they was s' confident, you know—an' yet goin' t' be beaten."

This flight of sympathetic fancy, inspired by the ludicrous and wooden commonplace of "*The Battle of Waterloo*," somewhat interested Elsie in Mr. Allerton; further, Mrs. Holly spoke of him with a touch of consciousness that she was mentioning someone rather unusual. So that Elsie asked, "Did Mr. Allerton live here?"

"No, my dear. He came from Georgia, and he was in Detroit when we were there, before I was married—Why, I guess a better man than Mr. Allerton never lived. Yes, he was a good friend to me. I wish you could have seen him, my dear. I never speak much about him; but I often think about him; he was such a good man." Mrs. Holly went to the table and opened an album to a picture Elsie had often noticed before from its faint likeness to the pictures of Poe.

"There he is," she said. "It's a good picture too. I'm s' glad t' have it."

The picture, an old card photograph, showed the head and the shoulders of a young man in military dress, plainly a gentleman, and plainly a Southerner. He had a good mouth, a very fine, high brow—it was in this the

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photograph was like Poe's—and an expression of grave courage.

Elsie had often looked at the picture before, with admiration; not only for the remarkable beauty and seriousness of the expression, but because the whole countenance and bearing of the man seemed to her those of a person of genuinely romantic, almost tragic, temperament.

“Mr. Allerton must have been rather grand in some ways?” she ventured, gently.

“Yes. That's just what he was—grand. He wasn't like other people. You can see that just by looking at him.”

She slipped out the photograph and turned it over to show the name written on the back, “Edward Scott Allerton.” “His mother was a Scott, and that was the reason why Mr. Allerton had such a hard time.”

Elsie instantly felt that from the first moment she saw Mr. Allerton's face she had known that he had a hard time.

“Yes. There was insanity in the family. His mother went insane; and his brother went insane; and Mr. Allerton took all the care of them both for years, just as if they were children. His mother made him promise when he was a little boy that he wouldn't ever let

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anyone else take care of her. So he never did. He couldn't ever have married, at any rate. But you can imagine what a terrible, terrible burden; an' he was so devoted to that mother and brother—not that they was very much, *I* thought, when they was all right. But it was just he had such a splendid feeling for his family.”

“Did he do anything besides take care of the mother and brother?”

“Yes. He made indexes or something for an insurance office—something he could do at home. My dear, he couldn't leave that poor, crazy, old Mrs. Allerton for a minute—or for more than an hour—possibly, at a time. My brother was in the insurance office that he worked for. That was how I knew him.”

Mrs. Holly paused. The dignity and unaccustomed quiet and seriousness of her manner, as she spoke of her old acquaintance, had before been noticeable to Elsie, and she looked up at her friend with a little surprise.

“My dear, maybe you can hardly believe it, when I'm so different from him. Of course, I know that—and looking different now, too, from when I was twenty. But—he loved me.

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Yes. Our house was near theirs; so he used to come often to leave messages with my brother to take to the office, and to see him about their business, and in that way he came to care very much for me. He even spoke to me about it. He told me that he wanted me to know that if he could ever help me in any way I must ask him. He spoke to my mother, too, about that. He was such a responsible person—you can't think. He was s' used to taking care of people, and s' interested in what would happen to me. He knew I would marry, and he talked to me about that. He wanted me to be certain to marry a good man."

"I think that was very fine in him." Elsie looked at the photograph, its deep, inward eyes, the eyes of one who had no very clear perception of the outer world; and she saw plainly how a man serious, poetic, of high conceptions, might have been unconscious of any of her friend's qualities but those excellent and beautiful.

"Where was he when he died?" Elsie asked, after a while.

"Oh, he was insane for two years before he died. It was a long time ago, nearly twenty years ago. But he had put by enough to

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have the mother and brother taken care of. He was so afraid he would have to leave them a burden to someone—but he didn't. I was so glad of that. Because that had been really a trouble to him."

"Yes."

"Oh, I wish you could have seen him. He enjoyed lots of things; and he liked poetry so much. Sometimes he'd read it aloud to me, and I couldn't understand a word he read. But he would be—I don't know—he would think it was so splendid, it would make me nearly cry to hear him."

They sat for a while in silence. The rain had stopped; the six o'clock whistles were blowing and sounding through the city, and Elsie knew she must go. She and Mrs. Holly parted with tenderness and understanding, and she walked home with the photograph of Mr. Allerton still in her mind.

Plainly, whatever else he had been or had not been, he was capable of a love profound and perfect. It pleased her to believe in so fine a thing.

On the next Sunday when Mrs. Holly came to the Norris's house, it seemed to Elsie her familiar customs and personality were still

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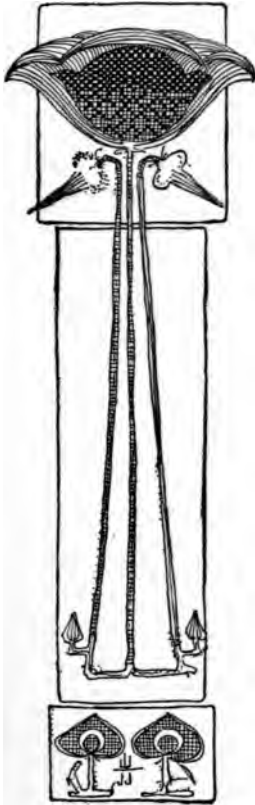
vaguely hallowed with the dignity of the feeling she had once inspired; and yet, after all, how remarkable that Mrs. Holly, her friend of "The Wilson House" and the Mexican puzzle-purse, should have been the heroine of a genuine romance.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY

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DAFFYDOWNDILLY



Daffydowndilly came up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

PERU, ILL., Sept. 16, 1898.

DEAR SISTER:
Yours of last month received, and was glad to hear such good news of your family. Your boys must indeed be a great comfort to you, and I often feel that we are both greatly blessed in our sons. How I should love to see your rubber-plant, now it has grown as high as you write.

This month have been putting up fruit. Last week made ten cans tomato catsup, twenty crab jelly, sixteen preserved nectarines, eighteen brandied peach, and just now am tufting three comforts for son Ezra's room, as it is always so cold there during winter weather. So you see I have my hands full.

How is your silk quilt getting on? I enclose some pieces. Sis-

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ter, I presume you have heard me speak of Miss Juanita Pedros, daughter to General P., of Mexico, who lives in this city with her aunt, Mrs. R. N. Davis. She is a good friend to all our boys. This summer she has had a real pleasant young lady she became acquainted with at the convent, visiting her from Centreville, Ill. The boys and some of their young friends from Peru think some of asking the young ladies up to town and visiting the Fat-stock Show and the Exposition, on Sat. Sept. 16.

I wanted the young folks to go up and make you all a call. But son seemed to think best not in such numbers. They would be pleased to see any of you at the Exposition, by the fountain, right after dinner-time.

I hope yourself and family are all in good health and that Tom's throat has not been troubling him.

Must close, as it is getting late. With love to you and regards to Brother Dan.

JULIA R. PORTER.

On a September morning of falling leaves and warm, wide airs, Tom Porter read this letter aloud to his mother, partly because she could not find her glasses, partly because he derived a pleasure rich and entirely exclusive from his aunt's letters.

"September 16th—why that's to-day, isn't it?" said Mrs. Porter as Tom finished the letter and handed it to her.

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"Well, who can go down to meet them?"
"To-day is certainly what Aunt Julia chooses to call Sat. Sept. sixteen," replied Tom.

"Well—I can't go," said Mrs. Porter, not regarding his remark, "and I don't want your father to know anything about it. He isn't over-well, and if he knew, he'd be trapezing around the Exposition building the whole afternoon."

"Why don't *you* go, Tom?" asked his sister, Mrs. Burden. "Margaret Alden and Mr. Haviland are going to be there this afternoon looking at the pictures. You could see her as well; and it really would be an advantage to you just to hear her and Mr. Haviland talking about the pictures. They know *so* much about art and culture of every kind."

Tom gazed at his coffee with an almost haggard expression. After Mrs. Burden had left the room, he said: "I can get off this afternoon, and if that's the time Cousin Ezra and his young ladies intend to gather by the river, I'll go. But one cousin and swain an afternoon are plenty for me. As for Margaret and her knowledge of the arts, I guess the Peruvians is the easiest job."

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In this manner it came about that Tom Porter, one Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, strolled near the fountain in the old Exposition building.

Around him stood the booths and show-case exhibits of the dry-goods stores and fur establishments of the city; the fountain splashed and bubbled in their midst; an orchestra near was playing "*Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys*;" people sat in rows of chairs arranged as for a theatre, in front of the fountain, and ate parched corn and peanuts; children who had been in the house all day collecting picture-cards, dabbled their hands in the water and chased each other around its edge; and country people in straggling groups rambled over the sprinkled floors. There was something lively, cheerful, and almost domestic to Tom in the atmosphere of the place.

Yearly visits, and a long familiarity with the puzzle-chair booth, the wax ladies dressed in furs, the whale skeleton on the second floor, and all the motley, ugly, good-natured circumstance and furniture of the Exposition, had given him a comfortable affection for it, and he was now watching its scene with pleasure and amusement, when he observed standing near the front row of chairs the

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lanky figures of Brother Bill's boys, and beside them several smiling young gentlemen in white duck trousers and sailor hats, evidently young business men and clerks of Peru.

A young girl, with short dark hair and a polo cap, he identified as Miss Juanita Pedros; and all seemed to be centred about some unseen pivot, doubtless the pleasant young lady visiting from the convent, who apparently, from the attention bestowed upon her, was some country-town belle.

Just as Tom's eye was caught by this group, he was loudly and sportively addressed by a lifted umbrella and "Hi!" from Cousin Ezra. A young business man hastened politely toward him to attract his attention, and Miss Juanita and all faced him with smiling friendliness.

Tom approached modestly; was greeted by his cousins and presented to Miss Juanita, to the country-town belle, Miss Fanny Colton, who was sitting behind her hostess, and to the Peruvians.

Fanny Colton was a small, round, brown girl, with an extremely flirtatious, drooping glance. She wore rather dowdy clothes—a white muslin waist, sprinkled with college pins from

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almost every college in the United States, a black silk skirt, a sailor hat with a light-blue ribbon, pushed far over her eyes, and a jettied black lace cape. She had a very nonchalant and easy air, as she sat with ruminative, sparkling eyes in the Exposition building, mentioning courteously that they were late at the meeting. "But better late than never," she suggested, casually.

"Never too late to mend," said one of the Peruvians. He seemed to consider that the presence of the word late made his remark sufficiently apt.

At this Fanny Colton bit her lip, shook her head at Miss Juanita, and said, "Isn't he a case?"

An expression of satisfaction stole over the young man's face at these words, and he replied:

"Don't you believe her, Miss Pedros."

Fanny Colton remained silent for a minute, and then bit the end of her glove and said:

"We all know about *you*."

This repartee and badinage continued as they started up and began rambling through the building, looking at the exhibits, on their way to find a friend of Fanny Colton's, Mr. Ziegler, in charge of the Deering Harvesting

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Company's exhibit. Tom, it is true, was not sufficiently adaptable to be able to join in the repartee and badinage with success, but he laughed at all the jokes, and his behavior seemed to be entirely satisfactory to Fanny Colton and her train.

- On his own side, it is perhaps not too much to say that Tom jubilantly joined Fanny Colton's following. Her pretty brown coloring, her shining glance, her perfect social confidence—one he had never seen excelled—even her gay, careless clothes and her dowdy little blue hat, cast upon Tom an allurements somewhat akin to that felt by the devoted young gentlemen of Peru and Centreville.

Fanny Colton was indeed admired of almost everyone under thirty years of age in Hennepin County. She lived in Centreville with an uncle and aunt in vacations, and was supported there and educated at the Convent of Saint Theresa by her brother, a good and prosperous young man, who kept a large country hotel in Centreville. At the age of sixteen she had already received four offers of marriage. All her conversation with her friends at the convent and with Juanita Pedros was either a description of their scene,

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or else of that of constant abortive local episodes.

"Nita," she would say, "do you remember when Fred Hubbard came in last night, while Harry Parker was there?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well," Fanny would continue, with an occasional shining glance, and pulling at her glove, "I knew those two had to be kept apart. So I walked over to the window, knowing Fred Hubbard would come too; and do you know as soon as we sat down he said,

"'Now, see here, Miss Fanny, I want to know for certain about what we were talking about. Will you marry me?'"

"I said, 'I haven't the faintest recollection of any such conversation. But I have answered that question *once and for all.*'"

"He said, 'Well—I don't understand your reasons. Just tell me one thing. Is it Harry Parker?'"

"I said, 'No, it isn't Harry Parker, *and never will be.*'"

"Then he said, 'Is it because your brother doesn't like it?'"

"I said, 'Do you think I would mention a *confidence* to *anyone*? I don't care to explain

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my reasons just now, but some day you will thank me for deciding like this.'

"He said, 'Well, it isn't my notion of a favor.' You know he's awfully satirical and bitter lately. I hope no one will notice it."

When Fanny Colton was not taking part in such scenes in reality, she was taking part in them in thought and in day-dreams: she was always counting nine stars for nine nights, wishing on spotted horses and loads of hay, dreaming on wedding-cake, or pulling petals from clovers; and scarcely a day passed but some natural portent indicated her approaching marriage, sometimes with Harry Parker or Fred Hubbard, sometimes with some young gentleman in Hennepin County, from Centreville, or the neighborhood of the Convent of Saint Theresa.

She was surrounded by county attentions of every description—flowers, candy, army-buttons, and college-banners; she received a heavy correspondence from Ann Arbor and the State University; and her life was one long round of philopena presents, exchanging photographs, soda water, and buggy riding.

All this glimmered vaguely to Tom in Fanny Colton's tilted hat, her veiled, sparkling

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eyes, the very sound of her lazy, sweet voice, and the trip of her heels on the floor of the Exposition.

He strolled along contentedly with the Peruvians, and even vied with them in purchasing parched corn and shelled pecans, on the way to the Harvesting Company's exhibit.

Here they found Mr. Ziegler, a quiet, blond German boy, sitting in a cane chair reading a newspaper, with the buzzing teeth and the blue steel of the Harvesting Company's machinery clanking and glittering behind him. He turned around to hand out an advertising card as the country pleasure-party approached him; and when Miss Fanny emerged from their midst, and graciously extended a small, brown hand to him, his jaw positively dropped, and he nearly fell over his railing with surprise and joy.

He was presented to Miss Fanny's friends, and leaving a card with "Out on business. Will return soon," on his desk, he instantly joined the rambling train, and enjoyed with them through the remainder of the afternoon the pleasures of the Exposition.

Miss Fanny and Miss Juanita were presented with puzzle-chairs, which they rashly took apart and could not get together again;

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Cousin Ezra and Tom clumsily carried the pieces; upstairs, a man engraved Miss Fanny's and Miss Juanita's names on little red glasses, inside wreathes of grapes; the young ladies had their tin-types taken seated on a rock of very hoary moss; they were fitted with shell bracelets; they lingered, fascinated, almost mesmerized, by a candy-puller dreamily whopping a long rope of shimmering, yellow molasses over an iron hook, and the whole afternoon was apparently a long haze of accustomed delight to Miss Fanny, up to the last moment, when they drank orange cider at the south end of the building, and started for the train.

Tom accompanied them, and remained until the conductor shouted "All aboard."

As he left the car he saw Miss Fanny leaning her head back against the car-seat, a little tired, apparently, from the long day, her hat slanted further than ever over her mirthful eyes and drooping lashes. A sheaf of roses, bought by one of the Peruvians on the way to the train, was standing beside her in a large pink bush of soft colors, and wafting fragrance; her lap and the car-seat were filled with baskets of peaches and Delaware grapes, with parched corn and pecans, shell bracelets,

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and other trophies of the day. Behind her in the car-aisle was a vague blur of Peruvians, Brother Bill's boys, and Mr. Ziegler. He had suddenly decided to go as far as Blue Island, and Tom saw him struggling to raise Miss Fanny's window, as the train whizzed them out of sight.

The next morning at breakfast Mrs. Burden remarked:

"Couldn't you get away from Ezra long enough to see a little of Margaret and Mr. Haviland yesterday, poor boy?"

"It would have been perfectly impossible," said Tom.

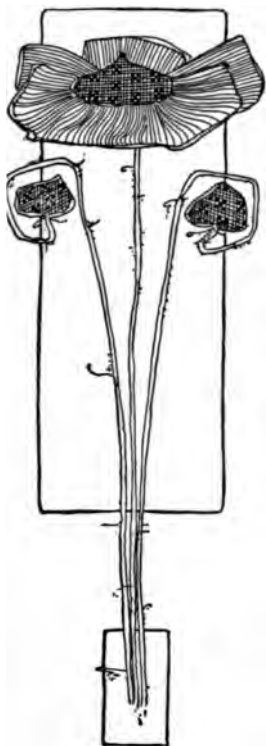
"Ezra and the other boys are just as good as gold," said Mrs. Porter, "but sometimes they are so wearing. Did you have a horrid time, Tom?"

"Well," said Tom, "it might have been worse."

THE STORY OF A WAYSIDE INN



THE STORY OF A WAYSIDE INN



TWO young women started out one September morning on a wheel-ride from Chicago to Fort Sheridan.

The wind was behind them; there was no sun; and the road was good all along the bare Lake Shore, the white Sheridan Drive, and out through the country up to Evanston.

They had eaten a lunch of bread and butter and sweet chocolate, had ridden through the town's pleasant streets, and were among the scattering frame houses of its outskirts, when a shaking beginner in a long skirt approached

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them in a zigzag course, riding rapidly from side to side of the road.

Elsie Norris turned out into the grass; but before Mrs. Shepard could take her chances there the beginner had ridden her down.

There was a crash; the wheels clattered together; and Mrs. Shepard and the beginner struck violently against each other and fell in a heap to the dust. The stranger-woman rose first and observing nippingly, "You want the whole road, don't you?" after the manner of people in the wrong, she mounted her wheel and got away with what speed she might.

Elsie had dismounted. She lifted up the unfortunate Mrs. Shepard, and the instant that lady put her foot to the ground she tottered and turned white.

"It's my ankle," she said.

Elsie tugged her across to the grass and took off her shoe and stocking. Her ankle seemed to be swelling every minute. But as it was painful only when she moved it, it was decided that Elsie should leave her and go for help to the nearest house.

This was a square white frame building about a hundred yards away, close on the road, with a cupola, a dusty little yard, a scraggy

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grape-arbor, and a sign, "The Wheelman's Rest."

As she went up the steps of the latticed piazza Elsie saw two women, both rather pretty, with heavy bangs, sitting on the porch indolently rocking. Both wore loose cambric wrappers, and one of them was reading a paper novel.

To these she advanced, told them what had happened, and asked for the nearest doctor, while they shook their heads sympathetically, saying, "Pshaw!" and "Ain't that awful?"

The elder woman went at once to the door and called "Doctor, doctor!" and a short, middle-aged man in bicycle-trousers came into the doorway. When he, too, had heard what had happened, he went into the house, returned with a bicycle-cap and a medicine-case, frowned professionally, and started down the road with Elsie and the Mother-Hubbard-wrapper women, who continued shaking their heads, biting their lips, and clicking their tongues in motherly disapproval of careless bicycle-riders.

They, "Doctor," and Elsie carried Mrs. Shepard to "The Wheelman's Rest." It seemed her sprain was very slight. They took her up-

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stairs to a little, clean, whitewashed room, and left her tired enough to sleep, with her ankle bathed, dressed, and propped on dictionaries and embroidered pillows in a splint rocking-chair.

Elsie started off to send a telegram to Mr. Shepard, who was to have come out with her brother to meet them at Fort Sheridan by an afternoon train. "Doctor" tip-toed impressively away, and the Mother Hubbard women drifted nonchalantly back to rock on their porch.

Here Elsie found them when she returned from the telegraph office. Their names, they told her, were Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Wackermann. Mrs. Wackermann, as Elsie now observed, was a woman of perhaps forty; and Mrs. O'Brien about eighteen and even prettier than she had at first thought. It seemed Mrs. Wackermann was a widow and Mrs. O'Brien her niece. They kept "The Wheelman's Rest;" and Elsie and Mrs. Shepard could stay as long as they wanted.

This last information Mrs. O'Brien gave in a sweet Irish voice, leaning back gracefully in her rocking-chair and occasionally giving herself a comfortable push with a small, rather dirty, blue satin slipper, as she glanced affec-

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tionately at her aunt and graciously at Elsie. Presently she remarked :

“ Why don't you get off your clothes, dear, and get into something loose and cool, and have a nice little nap ? I always do when I come in from riding. I kin lend you a wrapper.”

Mrs. Wackermann added, “ Better have a lemon fizz before you g'wup.”

“ Girls, that would be the very thing, wouldn't it ? ” replied Mrs. O'Brien, enthusiastically. As Mrs. Wackermann floated airily into the house, she continued to Elsie :

“ Ham Kinney says it's the most refreshing thing you kin take on the road.”

“ Can you get it anywhere ? ” asked Elsie.

“ Anywhere where they know anything. It's just splendid. Everyone drinks it but Ol. He won't touch it. But then he never takes a drop of anything when he's riding. He's off now, on the six-man tandem tour. I suppose you've heard about it. I'm expecting a telegram every minute. The boys ought to reach St. Paul to-night.”

Elsie felt herself vaguely and mysteriously awed by Ol, his abstemiousness, and his six-man tandem tour ; indeed, she was impressed by all Mrs. O'Brien said and did.

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Her prettiness, her short brown hair, beautifully curled in even rows, and her nonchalant habit of calling everyone "Girls," or "Dear," exercised over Elsie a peculiar fascination. And when Mrs. Wackermann returned with three large glasses of a strange, cool, lemon pop, slightly flavored with licorice, and they all sat rocking, and drinking it through straws, while Mrs. O'Brien said, "Girls, this just suits me," and "Auntie, I'll remember you in my will," she was conscious of a low, but intense, hope that Henry and Mr. Shepard would be long on the road of rescue.

"I wish Ol was here now," Mrs. Wackermann remarked, generously, and Mrs. O'Brien replied, pityingly, "He don't get much time to loaf, poor boy."

Elsie went now to get "something loose and cool," which Mrs. O'Brien produced from a bureau, while Elsie looked around a room it seemed unfortunate she must leave for her "nice little nap."

It was a small room, spotted, hung, draped, and festooned with photographs, photograph-buttons, dance-cards, medals, ribbons, badges, and banners. Long strings of photographs of young men on wheels, and of girls in short skirts with bicycle-caps knocked over their

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eyes, streaked the walls. A wheel with its tires flat, its handle-bar twisted, and its wheel-spokes broken, had been gilded, and hung from broad pink ribbons at one side of the room, and an enormous, richly framed photogravure over the mantel presented a small, thin young man stooping over the handle-bars of a bicycle, his eager face and intent eyes looming forward.

"That's Ol," observed Mrs. O'Brien. "That was my wedding present from the Turtle-back Club—that is, they had it enlarged. That picture was taken just before he went into the six-day bicycle-race. I suppose you don't know him, hearing me call him Ol. His name really is Olson O'Brien, of course. But probably you'd know him by the name of Bike O'Brien."

Elsie had a vague recollection of seeing the name of Bike O'Brien in sporting columns in the newspapers.

"Your husband?" she asked, with admiration.

"Yes—he's my husband," replied Mrs. O'Brien, with quiet pride. "I'll show you my album, after you get your nap," she continued. "Most of his best pictures are in that."

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Elsie received the wrapper, and turned from the room with lingering glances at likenesses of Bike O'Brien in almost incredible positions on a moving wheel, standing on the handle-bars, riding backward, or with both feet on one pedal.

As she softly opened the door of her own room she saw that Mrs. Shepard was asleep. Mrs. O'Brien, behind her, saw it too.

"You come back with me, dear," she whispered, beneficently. "Don't wake her up," and they returned to Mrs. O'Brien's room and went on looking at the photographs.

"Ol isn't much of a trick rider now," said Mrs. O'Brien, as she noticed Elsie's interest in some pictures of the artist on a wheel without a saddle or handle-bars. "Ham Kinney does more of that kind of work, but Ol has more endurance. I guess he's probably the only man in the country could have got through that six-day bicycle-race. He thinks now he was asleep most of the time on the fourth day, an' the last day he didn't see anything but just the ground right ahead of the wheel. His eyes kept feeling as if they was all gritty and he couldn't get them open or shut. He just had sense enough to keep on, and that was about all. It must have been

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just torture. He looked like a dead man, after it. But—my! In a week he was all right again.”

“When will he get back from this trip?”

“Well—I can’t tell. I’m expecting a telegram any minute. That trip ain’t much. But some of the tandem manufacturers, they pay him well for it. The boys’ll make it about as quick as they can. Ol does the steerin’, an’ he has all the responsibility, of course.”

“Does he mind that?”

“*Ol?* *He* doesn’t mind anything. When he wants to do anything, you know, he just goes ahead and does it. You ought to have seen him after that fall he had, in the ’ninety-eight road-race. He was going a mile in about one-forty, and a stone pitched him. Well—you can see the wheel—that’s it hanging up there. So you can imagine what Ol—No one but him would have got over that. They’d have been pretty nervous, I guess, after it. *He* had brain fever; and the doctor said he never would have pulled through, if it hadn’t been for his grit. I’ll tell you all about it after you get your nap, dear.”

Elsie kept looking around the room at the different and many trophies of Bike O’Brien’s address and determination, at photographs of

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the Murphy twins, the youngest professional riders in the world, two little girls four years old; of Mr. Ham Kinney, the trick rider, a crack amateur, and at a most interesting series of Mrs. O'Brien herself, standing gracefully poised on the seat of her wheel.

"How can you do that?" asked Elsie.

"Oh, that ain't much."

"But how did you ever come to think of it?"

"I didn't. Ol saw it somewhere, or he thought of it, himself. He makes up almost all my tricks, and all Ham Kinney's tricks."

So Elsie loitered through the afternoon, until nearly five o'clock, pretending guiltily that she ought not to disturb Mrs. Shepard.

Her hostess changed her wrapper for a blue silk and lace-trimmed dressing-sack, curled her hair in the most outrageous and extravagant halo, and pushed it out around her face with rhine-stone side-combs, murmuring carelessly that she hoped Ol wasn't ditched. She wished he would wire.

Elsie put on her own clothes, went in to Mrs. Shepard, now awake, and explained her absence.

"We'd better have whatever kind of miserable dinner we can get in this horrid little

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place, up here, I suppose," said that lady, resignedly.

"I'll go down and tell them just what to have, and bring it up myself," proffered Elsie, nimbly. She had hoped to dine with "Doctor," Auntie, Mrs. O'Brien, and possibly even Mr. Ham Kinney, the crack amateur. But evidently there was no decent chance of this. At least, while she was waiting for the tray, she might catch some glimpse of Ol's disciple.

She was not disappointed. As she was sitting on the piazza, rocking with Auntie and Mrs. O'Brien, while dinner was preparing, there appeared down the road a black speck whizzing swiftly toward them. Glittering spokes and whirling blue and red bicycle stockings were distinguishable; a blue sweater prone over the bicycle-frame, a face with intent eyes and chin thrust forward, and a white bicycle-cap with a slanted visor fronted the whirl. It shot up the path of "The Wheelman's Rest," and a lumbering, dark boy of about nineteen jumped off, balanced his wheel handily against a brick, and calling out,

"Heard from Bike?" came up, taking a cap from a flopping shock of black hair.

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"Not a word."

"He's all right, just the same," returned Ham Kinney, with confident enthusiasm.

"Oh my, yes. I don't fret. You aren't acquainted with this young lady. Miss Norris, let me introduce Mr. Kinney. Her friend got a fall, and the ladies come in to wait till she kin go on again."

Ham Kinney came forward and shook Elsie's hand, remarking kindly: "I hope your friend didn't get knocked up very bad. I suppose you're all fixed with Doctor here?"

"Yes."

"Well," he continued, sitting down on the step and stretching out one foot, "no more road to-day for yours truly."

"You need a rest, Ham, that's a fact," said Mrs. O'Brien, sympathetically.

"I'm going to give my wheel a good going over after dinner. You bring down all you ladies' wheels and I'll pump um up, if you want um ready. Your friend's wheel get knocked up?" he added, courteously, to Elsie.

"Yes. I think the front tire's punctured."

"Well, I'll fix that all right for you with quick repair. You bring yours and hers down to-night."

"Thank you ever so much—" at this mo-

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ment a servant appeared in the door with the tray and Elsie was obliged to take it and go. Supper passed, with Mrs. Shepard at once nobly resigned and uncontrollably sickened by the general inferiority of "The Wheelman's Rest," and after it was over, Elsie, unable longer to tear herself from the society of her new-found acquaintances, said foxily :

"Dorothy, do you know, I think perhaps I ought to go back and sit on that porch. I could see Henry and Mr. Shepard if they passed, and I'm so afraid they can't find the house. It was quite hard giving all the directions in a telegram and, you know, of course it hasn't any number."

"Elsie, it's awfully good of you to go and sit on that dusty little porch. But heavens, it would be terrible if they missed us and we had to stay much longer in this little hole."

Elsie hastened back. No one was on the porch. Hearing some one whistling "*On the Banks of the Wabash*" in the arbor, she concluded that Ham Kinney must be giving his wheel a good going over there, and she found her own bicycle and Dorothy's and trundled them down the path.

Inside the grape-arbor, sitting on one of its dusty benches, Ham Kinney was wiping a

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pedal. He looked up when she approached, smiled benevolently at her, and took the wheels.

"It's very kind of you."

"Oh, no. I like to see a wheel in good shape," he added, confidentially. "The way a lady cleans a wheel sets me nearly crazy. Bird O'Brien understands hers pretty well, but she don't half keep it in order."

"Why, I supposed she knew all about them." He shook his head. "Ever see her ride, though?"

"No."

"Bird O'Brien's the prettiest lady-rider in the West."

"I saw some pictures of her this afternoon."

"She always was a pretty rider. She used to come to the Turtle-back Club with her brother when she was a kid, and she was a pretty rider then. But Bike's taught her a lot. He's taught me a lot, too."

"He must be a wonderful man."

Ham Kinney shook his head with wondering admiration.

"He's the grittiest fellow I ever saw. The risks that fellow takes! He's got a quick head, too. He rides with his head more than any-

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thing else. He can make up more tricks and go into more new deals."

"His wife told me about that six-day race."

"Did she? Why you know what he went into that for, don't you?"

"No."

"To earn enough to be married on."

"Have they been married long?"

"About two years. They're mighty nice people. Don't put on any airs at all, with all this new reputation. I've always known Ol. He's always been just the same. I knew him down on Blue Island Avenue, when we was boys. He used to ride a high wheel there when he was a little shaver. Ever seen him?"

"No."

"He's a little, skinny, freckly fellow. His face shows his grit, though."

"Was he always so daring?"

"Bike don't know what fear is. I've seen him ride a five-inch hand-rail on a bridge eighty-four feet high over the Illinois River, down to La Salle. He never done anything like it before. I tell you it made me half crazy to see him start across. When he got over on my side he drank off a glass of water—and his hand didn't even shake."

"He can't be human."

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Ham Kinney put back his head and laughed. "Well, I feel like that myself sometimes. Nothing fazes him."

"Has any one else ever ridden that bridge-rail?"

"Yup."

"Before or afterward?"

"About a year afterward."

"Who was it?"

"Well, I did. It wasn't the same thing with me, though. I felt like I'd lived a long time when I was half over that hole. The minute I got off safe on the other side I toppled over. Bike, you know, he'd just as soon got on and gone right back again over that thing. Nothing fazes him. But it makes me sick to think of doing it again."

"Well—but—you never will have to go over that rail again, will you?"

"Well, not just that rail, but something like it."

Elsie looked at him mutely, partly with admiration and astonishment, partly with painful sympathy.

"Oh, it's my trade, you know. I'll be a professional trick-rider some day."

There was a silence. This seemed to be the most respectful comment, and Elsie, as she

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could not see the road through the gas-lit foliage of the little arbor, started back to the house.

"I'll bring you the wheels when I get them fixed up," he said. "You won't want them till to-morrow, will you?"

"I don't know when we're going. I expect my friends now every minute along the road."

"If you're interested in riding you ought to get some of your gentlemen friends to bring you around to the Turtle-back Club some time. I'm almost always there. I'd be pleased to see them any day. I'll see you again before you go, though."

"Oh, yes," said Elsie, and she went up the walk. As she moved along it, staring at the little yard and the white planks of the house, and thinking of Ham Kinney's and Bike O'Brien's lives of trading on their nerves, she saw standing on the steps, with their hats in their hands, two familiar, well-dressed figures. That was surely Henry's dark-blue coat and surely Wallace Shepard's admirable physique beside him.

Henry came toward her.

"You poor child," he exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Shepard. "I left the office early; and the boy brought the telegram

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out to me after I got to Fort Sheridan. So I had the message only an hour ago, and then there were no trains till now."

"We'll get you out of this horrid little place soon, though," said Henry. "The carriage is coming now. Better go up at once and help Mrs. Shepard get ready and get on your hat." Elsie ran upstairs. There was nothing for it but to wrap up Mrs. Shepard's foot, with "Doctor's" help, as well as she could, and put on her friend's hat and her own.

It was hardly done when Henry and Wallace Shepard were back to carry Mrs. Shepard downstairs; and Elsie had barely time to shake hands hastily with Auntie and Mrs. O'Brien and thank them in some sort for their kindness. There was not an instant for talking further about the Turtle-back Club or his future career with Ham Kinney, or for acknowledging his courtesies, before the carriage was rolling home.

In the next week, on her way to visit some people in Glencoe, Elsie went along the road past "The Wheelman's Rest."

She stopped and went to the door. The sign was there, the grape-arbor, the porch, the dusty yard; but when she rang the bell no one an-

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swered; and she then noticed in the window a placard advertising the house for rent.

She sat for a while on the porch and thought that if she were a wealthy and independent woman she would come to board at "The Wheelman's Rest," and have no wardrobe but bicycle-clothes and dressing-sacks; she would sit and rock all day on the piazza in a cool, cambric wrapper, drinking lemon fizz through a straw, and reading paper novels, while Bike O'Brien's bold career loomed grandly in the distance and Ham Kinney was sufficiently near to pump up wheels and receive a little admiring sympathy.

That night she saw in the paper that Bike O'Brien and Ham Kinney, the trick-rider, were gone to a meet in England. Probably Auntie and Mrs. O'Brien had gone with them. However that might be, Elsie looked for their names and for all news of her kindly chance acquaintances after that mention in vain. Often she wondered what new deal Ol had gone into next, and whether Ham Kinney, in a crazy and genuine courage, were hanging haggardly over some abyss.

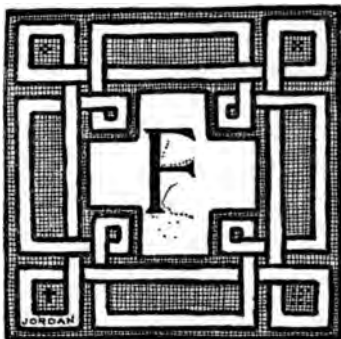
But she never saw him nor any of them again; and though she asked for it in several drug-stores, she never again even tasted lemon fizz.



THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER



THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER



FRITZIE GROSS

was a good-natured, blustering, young Jewish bachelor, living in a boarding-house on Lincoln Avenue when he was not on the road.

He was a travelling salesman for

Fred Einstein's clothing-house, a blond, ruddy German Jew, rather small, and unwearied in practical jokes.

Mrs. Einstein and her sister said he was just as full of fun as he could be, and they not only laughed at his jokes, but believed in his stories.

These were always various instances of his own courage; their scene an office or a railway car; their circumstance the offer to the spirited Fritzie of some distasteful statement made by another man; their event the cowering and rout of the other man, in such terms as, "I'll pitch you downstairs if I hear some

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more talk like that,' I says. 'Vant to get pitch downstairs?' I says. 'Vant to get pitch downstairs right away kvick?'"

While no one exactly believed these stories, yet somehow Fritzie Gross was admired for them; and whenever he was in Chicago he went to the Einsteins' to swagger, and laugh with the expansive Fred and his many family friends, and to play with his children.

They called him Uncle Fritzie, and they all were riotously fond of him; but his best friends among them were Selma and Becky, the eldest children, two very pretty little girls, one thirteen, the other fourteen years of age.

Selma was dark, and large, with a clear olive coloring, eyes dusky and glorious, and smooth black hair hanging in braids, swept back from a brow calm with all the loveliness of childhood, and the domestic affection of her house and race.

Becky's hair was curly, and hung loose about her shoulders, and down around her waist. She was much lighter and thinner than Selma. Her dresses swung gracefully around ankles straight and slender, and tripping little feet beautifully shod. Her skin was very white, and her eyes blue, and sparkling with the fierceness of a rather spoiled temper.

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

To Selma and Becky, Fritzie Gross liked to bring presents of Roman sashes, and gauze fans, and jewelled buckles; he liked to take them downtown, to sit at little tables in sparkling candy-stores, and drink soda-water, and eat pink-and-white ice-cream.

But, especially, he liked to take them to the Wednesday matinee. It was delightful to him to sit in the lighted theatre, with the gay music of comic opera sounding in some familiar overture, and Selma and Becky, blooming and happy, on either side, in light summer silks, holding flowering leghorn hats in their laps.

In the winter he would take them sleigh-riding and skating. As soon as the ice was frozen over in the park, he and Selma and Becky would start out with skate-bags, late in the afternoon, after school was over.

Before they could reach it the North Pond would be covered with skaters—little boys plunging madly, young girls gracefully dipping and whirling, men swooping and striding, swinging skirts, bright-tipped hats, and caps, dark coats, and jackets darting and flying under the blue winter sky, among the brown-and-white slopes, and the pillaring black tree-trunks of the cold park.

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Fritzie Gross would wear a gaudy purple tip-pet, and a toboggan cap, and from his dress and manner of bearing himself, and of magnificently breasting the gale, one might have supposed the moderate wintry gayeties of Lincoln Park invested with all the conditions of Canadian or Russian seasons.

He dashed around noisily, buckling ladies' skates, and whizzing delighted, shrieking children about the pond; and showed off, cutting figure eights in the ice and skating backward, with his scarf floating in the breeze.

When Fred Einstein came to watch sometimes, Fritzie Gross would teeter on one foot, and tell him of different masterly scenes on the ice-ponds; one, in particular, of a man of astounding meekness, at Humboldt Park, who clumsily skated in a lady's way, and was told by Fritzie Gross to "Get out of this park—get out already——"

Fritzie imitated his foe, replying, in a low, whining key, "Certainly, sir."

"Get out of this park, I tell you, and go take a few skate-lessons."

On one very cold winter the lake froze as far out as the crib; people took walks on the ice; and skaters crowded to the lake-shore. It was at this time that Selma, Becky, and

THE BRAVE TIN SOLDIER

Uncle Fritzie, very lively and noisy, started out one afternoon to skate on the lake.

It was a fine, cold day. Across the bare gray paths and roads of the park, glittering with little white pockets of snow and blue splinters of ice, they walked out to the shore—and there their afternoon spread before them. The sky was blue and dazzling with streaming winter sunlight. In its unfathomable heights hung and floated snowy masses of toppling cloud, and underneath, the ice-clad lake repeated in the colors of its calm scope the white and azure splendor of the heavens. Up to the horizon the veiled waters spread cold and vast; and north and south they met the city's smoke-hung shores in hoary, sweeping line.

A little breeze blew from the land; the air was cold as water in one's mouth, and it seemed to the children they could hardly wait to strap their skates, and be off, flying over the frozen surface; they seized each other's hands, and shouted as they darted along the curve of the little sandy beach of their start, and out toward where a few other people were whizzing, black specks against the white plain.

They skated on and on; the fresh wind

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blowing behind, the stinging air in their faces, the free scope ahead, all exhilarated them, and they had gone perhaps a mile when they saw across the dazzling field before them a wide, black bar.

The ice was broken there, and at a little distance from its edge a crowd of people stood, or slowly skated, looking at the gulf.

Uncle Fritzie made the little girls sit down on the ice, and took off their skates, saying noisily, for the benefit of the crowd,

“It is best. Best to afoid all danger. Von little slide too far—vhère vould you be so kvick? Vat vould your mamma say to me then?”

He kept his own skates on, however, and with great difficulty balanced himself, to the admiration of all, by sticking one skate-point into the ice.

While they were standing looking at the black, lapping water, they saw skating toward it, a few yards from them, a little boy. He was plunging forward, swinging his bowed arms, his cap pulled down over his eyes to protect them from the glare. He was going as fast as he could.

They all cried out to him in one common voice of horror. But his impulse had been

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too strong. He turned a questioning little face to them as his skate-runner slid over the verge—and he was gone.

A woman in the crowd began to wring her hands and groan. Men and boys glanced nervously at each other and the water, and they all with one accord moved nearer to it. Meanwhile Uncle Fritzie had unbuckled his skates and thrown off his coat; his ruddy face had turned white. He ran along the ice to where the little boy had fallen, his high shoulders twitching, his purple tippet floating behind.

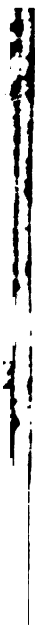
Here he turned, half facing the crowd, raised his chin proudly, and waved a reassuring hand to Selma and Becky. Everybody shouted—and he dived.

Whether he reached the little boy; whether some undertow held them down; whether they came up under the ice, no one ever knew. In the sight of the watchers they did not come to the surface again.

It was a comfort to the little boy's mother to see the Einsteins and weep with them in their bereavement. Fritzie Gross had no near relations; but remote kindred were proud to mourn him.

THE END

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A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

WIDENER
SEP 05 1998
SEP 28 1998
BOOK DUE

WIDENER
SEP 27 1998
SEP 26 1998
BOOK DUE

WIDENER
JAN 06 2000
JAN 08 2000
BOOK DUE

